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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

A Tribute to Carl Sandburg at Seventy-five

Being a special edition of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society issued to commemorate the 75th Birthday of a great American

January 6th, 1953

Edited by Harry E. Pratt

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BOOK SHOP

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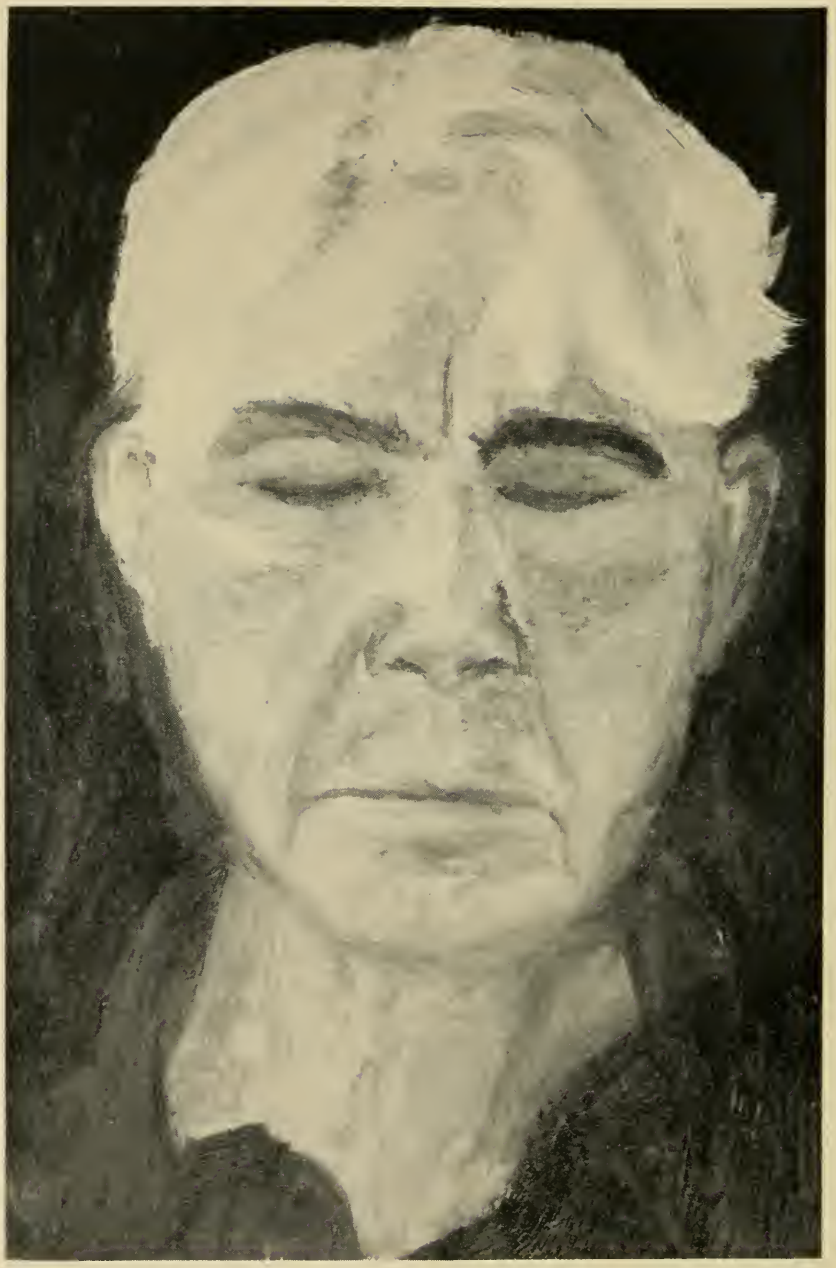

Photo by Herbert Georg Studio, Springfield

CARL SANDBURG, A PORTRAIT BY HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

This painting by Helga Sandburg Golby was completed on April 20, 1949.

A TRIBUTE TO CARL SANDBURG

On January 6, 1953, Carl Sandburg will be seventy-five years of age and his thirtieth book will be published. This issue of the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* recognizes his eminent contributions to Illinois and to the Nation. This tribute was suggested by Ralph G. Newman.

Carl was born and lived the first third of his life in Galesburg, Illinois, and an equal time in and near Chicago. Out of grammar school at thirteen, his teens were a series of jobs demanding much physical labor.

At twenty the call to service in the Spanish-American War brought enlistment in Company C, Sixth Illinois Volunteers, with service in Puerto Rico and his first writing as war correspondent for the *Galesburg Evening Mail.* Home from the war in the fall of 1898, Carl entered Lombard College in Galesburg at the age of twenty. Seven years out of grade school, he by-passed high school.

He took the West Point examinations at the end of the year, but failed in grammar and mathematics. Some three more years at Lombard were financed with work as a janitor and as a member of the fire department. With the aid of Professor Philip Green Wright his first poetry, *In Reckless Ecstasy,* was privately printed in 1904.

Briefly in 1907 he worked as associate editor of *The Lyceumite* in Chicago, then moved on to Milwaukee where he met and married Lilian Steichen, June 15, 1908. After two years (1910-1912) as secretary to the mayor of Milwaukee and service on several newspapers, he returned to Chicago where short periods with several journals were concluded in 1917 when the *Day Book* ceased publication. In May, 1919, began thirteen uninterrupted years on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News.* Industrious and talented, he wrote more than a dozen books—poetry, books for children, a book of songs, and biographies—during these years. Best known and admired today is probably *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years,* published in 1926.

Writing the four volumes of *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* took most of the 1930's. This momentous biography brought many honors, but no rest for Sandburg. Since 1939 six more books carry his name, including a thousand-page novel, *Remembrance Rock,* begun at sixty-five and completed at age seventy; *The Lincoln Collector,* the story of the great Oliver R. Barrett Collection of Lincolniana; *Complete Poems,* filling nearly 700 pages; and with his seventy-fifth birthday, the autobiographical *Always the Young Strangers.*

HARRY E. PRATT

A FRIEND AND ADMIRER

By ADLAI E. STEVENSON

IN THE long trek that Carl Sandburg made in gathering material for his *Prairie Years,* I well recall his stopover in Bloomington, where he visited and interviewed my father, Lewis Green Stevenson. Among others whom he wished especially to meet in Bloomington was ex-Governor Joseph W. Fifer, who bore—and not without some pride—the nickname "Private Joe," because of gallant but unpretending service in the Civil War. Joe Fifer loved good whiskey, and, having arranged a meeting with him, my father went to the cellar and brought up a pint of rare Bourbon, which he had kept under lock and key for many years.

Armed with the whiskey, Carl and my father set forth for Governor Fifer's, confident that it would stir his recollections, and assured that he would share it with them. Sight of the whiskey added to the warmth of Fifer's greeting, but when father presented him with the bottle, he placed it, uncorked, on his desk, where father and Sandburg cast frustrated glances at it throughout the interview.

Doors open hospitably to Carl Sandburg, wherever he may be, but he also brings trouble with locks. The day after the Fifer interview my father took him to a popular local restaurant, the Village Inn, to meet other Bloomington men. Soon after they arrived, Sandburg disappeared into the men's room, where his stay seemed unduly long. As the guests began to look concernedly at one another, loud poundings came from the direction of Sandburg's exit, with calls to be let out. Sev-

CARL SANDBURG AND ADLAI E. STEVENSON

At the dedication of the Governor Henry Horner Memorial in Grant Park, Chicago, on October 27, 1948.

eral minutes elapsed before local strength and ingenuity overcame a faulty lock, and the famous author emerged.

A similar mishap, of which Sandburg was unconscious at the time, occurred when Carl was staying at the Executive Mansion in Springfield. It was during this visit that my young son, John Fell Stevenson, and a little friend, decided to try out the Mansion elevator, which runs between the basement offices and the Governor's bedroom where Sandburg was sleeping. When the two boys disembarked at the bedroom they were astonished to see a tousled gray head on the pillow. Jumping hastily back into the elevator, they pushed the wrong button and the cantankerous machine got stuck, trapping them between floors. Carl slept on peacefully throughout the resulting furor.

My acquaintance with Carl Sandburg now extends through many years. Among my most pleasant recollections are parties in Chicago in the twenties and thirties where I listened to him sing from his songbag to the inimitable accompaniment of his guitar, and happy evenings with him and the late Lloyd Lewis, where anecdotes, Lincoln and music took us far into the night.

Having been long a friend and great admirer of Carl Sandburg, I was proud and honored when he came to Springfield to speak at my inauguration as Governor in January, 1949.

FROM SANDBURG'S SPEECH AT STEVENSON'S INAUGURATION

The following excerpt is from the speech delivered by Carl Sandburg at the Illinois State Armory in Springfield on January 10, 1949:

When you go through the speeches and letters of Lincoln you may find the word "responsibility" about as often as you find the word "freedom." He wanted freedom, for all men, everywhere. He has become a world figure, in a certain sense adopted by the whole Family of Man because of what he represented in the name of human freedom. And yet we will have to go far to find any human struggler so keenly and so sincerely weighted down by the burden of personal responsibility that he assumed on his own as a volunteer, as a citizen free and willing.

Perhaps here today, without saying a word about who is a patriot and who isn't and not forgetting the efflorescent Englishman who declared, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," perhaps we could hazard the statement that where there is a good and clean government, imperfect and yet measurably free from corruption, there are enough of men who are not afraid of either devotion or drudgery, who try to meet more than halfway that elusive mystery we call human freedom under democracy, and whose thoughts of personal gain are little or nothing alongside of their sense of history and their personal responsibility in the making of history. . . .

The incoming Governor of this day of January 10, 1949 knows well that . . . predictions as to what will happen across his four-year term are not wanted so much as good wishes, good will and prayers. . . . There can be prayers that to his support will come, in office and out of office, men of the volunteer spirit, free and willing citizens, men unafraid of either devotion or drudgery, men who know that freedom always has a cost and always goes straight back with inexorable connection to personal responsibility.

THE GALESBURG BIRTHPLACE

By ADDA GEORGE

"A *room* built 'round a *book,* you say?" Yes, there is such a room in Galesburg, Illinois. It is a gift from the State of Illinois to Carl Sandburg's tiny three-room birthplace; and of course the principal feature of the room is Sandburg's great six-volume biography of Lincoln. The birthplace itself and its restoration are the subjects of this story.

A search for the Sandburg birthplace was begun by a woman returning to her home town after an absence of many years. When finally, with the aid of the poet's sister Mary, she found the little house near the railroad yards where his father had worked, it was in a very dilapidated condition, "a true nestling place of genius which delights to hatch its offspring in by-corners."

Under much protest from the Italian woman who owned the house, a plaque was hung by the front door, and a boulder was placed on the terrace. The woman sometimes hid the plaque and often tried to roll away the boulder. It was not until after her death that her son could offer a sixty-day option to buy.

A Carl Sandburg Association was quickly formed, to which all donors automatically belong. The project was incorporated as a non-profit-making, educational institution under the title "Sandburg Birthplace, Incorporated," so that all gifts were and are tax exempt. A fund-raising campaign

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Mrs. Adda George is the anonymous Sandburg enthusiast of this article. After the death of her husband, Professor John E. George of Northwestern University, she taught for a number of years in the Galesburg and Milwaukee schools, but since 1945 has given most of her time to the Sandburg birthplace.

began in 1945, and the purchase price was raised within the sixty days of the option. Without waiting for restoration funds, work on the house was begun in early spring. Sums large and small came steadily from high and low in every part of the nation, even school children's pennies and nickels rolled in. The woman who ferreted out the house advanced money from time to time to pay for building operations until funds should arrive, and they came in as fast as letters went out.

When the work of restoration began, siding, lath, and plaster were badly rotted. In fact, it was discovered that the original walls in the 1870's had had neither lath, plaster, nor siding, but had consisted of wide vertical boards which had been wallpapered many times. It was decided that the treasures already accumulating must be kept warm and dry; consequently lath, plaster, and siding were again used as in the house when found.

While work on the house was progressing, a fence of split hickory pickets was built around the yard, an old wooden pump of the 1870's was reinstalled, and old-fashioned plants and shrubs were returned to the borders. On the door of the small outbuilding in the rear was placed an amusing message on the coming of the sanitary system to Galesburg from *They Broke the Prairie,* written in Earnest Elmo Calkins' own hand. Children from nearby Douglas School, which Sandburg had attended, worked often in the yard while all this was going on.

The birthplace contains a good many belongings of the Sandburg family, in use when Sandburg was a boy. From them came the family Bible, some wooden Bishop Hill chairs, wall brackets, dishes and kitchen utensils. The stereoscope used by Sandburg in selling these parlor "viewers" during his summer vacations while a student at Lombard University interests the youngsters. The "rope bed" and the trundle bed with their handwoven coverlets dating back to the 1870's were gifts of pioneer families in and near Galesburg.

On the walls are old Swedish pictures of Sandburg's

SANDBURG'S BIRTHPLACE IN GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

Photos by Landon of Galesburg

LINCOLN ROOM OF THE GALESBURG BIRTHPLACE

father and mother, of Sandburg himself in groups from his boyhood days, pictures of the older Sandburg, of "Mr. and Mrs.," and of their children and grandchildren, some of the photographs by Mrs. Sandburg's famous brother, Edward Steichen. A few framed pages in the poet's own handwriting hang on the walls, his chiseled penmanship suggesting the power of this great man. There is also a wall panel containing the names of Life Members and Sustaining Members of the project, for it is not endowed and no admission fees are charged.

Well protected against fire are three rare booklets by Sandburg, written while he was a student at Lombard, and printed in Professor Wright's basement. All three are now valued collectors' items: *Incidentals, The Plaint of a Rose,* and *In Reckless Ecstasy.*

In the tiny bedroom are a fine radio-phonograph and Sandburg records of songs from *The American Songbag* and readings from *The People, Yes.* The little room which heard his first cry now echoes to his great tones. The old Remington typewriter on which he wrote about a fourth of *The Prairie Years* and some of the *Rootabaga Stories* is a gift from a Chicago collector.

Two items that attract a good deal of attention are a deed and a tax title deed to a home the family owned later in Galesburg. To one of these Sandburg's father had affixed "his mark" in 1894. Sandburg says of his Lincoln biography: "It is probably the only book ever written by a man whose *father* couldn't write his name, about a man whose *mother* couldn't write hers."

After the Sandburgs moved away from the birthplace, an addition was built at the rear of the house. When the original house was restored, this addition was left standing for storage purposes, since there was not room for the treasures that had been gathered. The late Senator Wallace Thompson of Galesburg was approached about securing an appropriation from

the state legislature to restore this addition as a Lincoln Room. Through his influence, a generous appropriation was secured which paid for the work of restoration and for the Lincoln-period pine furnishings. This Lincoln Room is built around Sandburg's six-volume biography, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years* and *The War Years.*

The walls of this room are of knotty pine, and the fireplace and chimney are of handmade brick from an old Galesburg house which was one of the stations of the "Underground Railroad." Over the mantel is a fine study of Lincoln pictured under the open sky by the artist N. C. Wyeth, a gift of his widow to the Lincoln Room. On shelves by the fireplace are a pitcher and platter given by Lincoln to his friends Elizabeth Burner and Isaac Gulliher on their wedding day in New Salem in 1831. These had been inherited by descendants of the Gullihers living in Knoxville and Galesburg. The iron "grease lamp" hanging by the fireplace was given by the Lincolns to their neighbors, the Samuel Mains, when the Lincolns left Indiana for Illinois, and then came into the possession of the Donald Wallace family.

Against one wall is an old pine desk from the Bishop Hill Swedish settlement; and on it rests a model of an old covered wagon by Earnest Elmo Calkins. Over it hangs an old rifle of prairie-wagon days. On another wall hangs a gift from Oliver R. Barrett's famous Lincoln collection, sent by him shortly before his death. It is an 1863 call for additional troops from the State of Massachusetts, signed by Lincoln.

The dedication of the birthplace occurred on October 7, 1946, anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg. There were two ceremonies, one out-of-doors in the afternoon, the crowd standing in the street in front of the cottage; and the other in the evening in the banquet hall of Hotel Custer.

In the afternoon, local speakers and others paid high tribute to Galesburg's famous son. Speakers included Richard

V. Lindsey, Kenneth Peel, Charles A. Cobb, Ralph G. Newman, Quincy Wright, and John L. Conger.

The evening program brought enthusiasts from many distant places. The principal address was by Marshall Field, who spoke with deep feeling on "The Importance of Carl Sandburg." Fanny Butcher of the *Chicago Tribune* reminisced brilliantly about Sandburg's startling appearance in the literary world with his *Chicago Poems*. Professor Quincy Wright, speaking of Sandburg's Lombard days, told how he had trod out Sandburg's first printed booklets on a foot press in the basement of the Wright home. Harry Hansen of the *New York World-Telegram,* the Rev. Alan Jenkins, Professor Hermann Muelder, and Ralph Newman, paid sincere and heart-warming tributes. Telegrams from distinguished people were read during the dinner.

The dedication of the Lincoln Room on May 30, 1949, brought a crowd that filled the street. Speakers stood on the small front steps of the birthplace, and loud speakers enabled those at a distance to hear. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a Sandburg scholar of long standing, spoke on "Prairie Prophets," binding the Lincoln Room to the birthplace in memorable fashion. Dr. Jay Monaghan, then State Historian, gave a notable address on Lincoln and represented Governor Adlai Stevenson in presenting this gift of the State of Illinois. Mayor Ralph B. Johnson responded for the city. These are only a few high spots about the birthplace and its restoration. One last note: Just inside the front door of the cottage is this tribute to Sandburg, by Stephen Vincent Benét:

> He came to us from the people whom Lincoln loved because there were so many of them, and through all of his life, in verse and prose, he has spoken of and for the people. A great American, we have just reason to be proud that he has lived and written in our time.

Galesburgers add: *"and in our town!"*

Photo by Arthur Witman, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Sandburg at the Illinois State Historical Library

At the dedication of the Horner-Lincoln Room of the Illinois State Historical Library, February 12, 1941, Carl Sandburg studied some of the manuscripts in the Library's collection. He is holding the diary of Henry C. Latham of Springfield which tells of Lincoln's departure from the city on February 11, 1861.

LOMBARD MEMORIES

By QUINCY WRIGHT

I HAVE known Carl Sandburg since the time he entered Lombard College soon after his return from service in the Spanish-American War. My father, Philip Green Wright, taught mathematics, astronomy, economics, and English composition at the college and Carl was frequently around our house talking with father about Walt Whitman and other subjects in the field of literature. They also discoursed on such subjects as economic reform and socialism. Carl's interest did not extend into mathematics as I recall it, though I think he sometimes looked at the stars through our telescope.

Carl was at that time husky in appearance, with black hair giving an impression of robustness rather than poetic insight. After he left Lombard about 1902, and Galesburg a few years later, I didn't see him for nearly a quarter of a century and at once noticed the effect which a literary life had had on him. The white-haired man with a penetrating look seemed very different from the student I had known.

While at Lombard he played basketball on a winning team and participated in other sports and in the "reading circle" at which father and mother entertained literarily inclined students on Sunday evenings. They read aloud from Kipling, Turgenev, and Mark Twain, to suit all tastes. He also belonged to the "Poor Writers' Club," a more select group of four or five budding literary artists that met with father to

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Quincy Wright graduated at Lombard in 1912, received an honorary degree there in 1923, was professor of political science at the University of Chicago, 1923-1931, and professor of international law, 1931—.

read to one another their own productions. He also took part in a musical extravaganza called "The Cannibal Converts," written by my father and produced at the local opera house. The theme concerned a trip by a group of Lombard students in a football kicked off by "Longpunt" to the Philippine Islands with the object of missionary enterprise in that newly acquired territory. Some mistake in mathematical calculations resulted in the gigantic football missing its mark and landing in the cannibal islands. There Carl Sandburg, dressed in shells and much lampblack, talked in an unintelligible language. One of the students, however, was eventually able to interpret it. Instead of eating their aerial visitors, after cooking them in the great pot which was bubbling in the middle of the stage, the cannibals were persuaded to come to Lombard to learn the ways of civilization.

A year after this, in 1901, Carl, who was then known as Charles August, or "Cully," Sandburg, became editing manager of the college year book, called that year *The Cannibal.* Frederick Dickinson, who became a Chicago lawyer, was managing editor and Hubert Perrine the artist. Carl's contributions to this may have been his first published work.

Soon after, however, his first published book appeared, entitled *In Reckless Ecstasy.* It was a brochure of fifty pages printed on the 10x15 Gordon press with Caslon Old Face type which operated in our basement under the exalted title of "The Asgard Press." Father had been a printer in his youth and thought it would do us boys good to learn the trade. So we set type and kicked the press and did the college printing, and Carl roamed around the establishment watching his youthful efforts being set up. Father wrote the introduction to *In Reckless Ecstasy* and Carl reciprocated by writing the introduction to a similar book of father's verses called *The Dial of the Heart.* I believe *In Reckless Ecstasy* is now a collector's item. Only fifty copies were printed, bound in cardboard covers and put together with ribbon. Later the Asgard Press produced

a booklet of comments by Carl called *Incidentals* and a poem elegantly got out with hand-painted roses on the cover, called *The Plaint of a Rose.*

These books were published a few years after Carl left Lombard. He did not graduate, though he later received an honorary degree from the institution. He gained experience selling stereoscopic pictures and working for a time in the Galesburg fire department. He took this job because it gave him time to read between the infrequent fires. I can remember seeing him sitting in front of the building, leaning back in a chair and reading as I passed on my way to school.

His interest in poetry and literature, inspired by my father during the Lombard years, was further stimulated by a job as assistant to the Socialist mayor of Milwaukee and for many years as reporter on the *Chicago Daily News.* He was always democratic in his attitudes and refused to join a fraternity but assisted in organizing the non-fraternity people on the campus in a club dubbed, by my father, "The Barbarians" in contradistinction to "The Greeks." He kept up a correspondence with my father until the latter's death in 1934, and wrote a biography of him in the *Dictionary of American Biography.*

During the late 1920's when I was teaching at the University of Chicago I occasionally saw Carl Sandburg and heard him sing folk songs and strum the guitar. I also remember particularly the occasion of his seventieth birthday when Lloyd Lewis and other Chicago friends, newspaper and otherwise, gathered to do him honor. I once visited his home in Harbert, Michigan, and viewed the Toggenburg and black Nubian goats which his wife and daughters fancied, and saw the thousands of newspaper clippings about Lincoln on the walls. This was just after he had finished the *War Years.* I was present too, when the three-room birthplace in Galesburg was dedicated. There was a dinner in the Custer Hotel and some talks, one by Marshall Field, at the birthplace. The preservation of this place which, along with the plaque of the Lincoln-Douglas

Debate of 1858 on Knox' Old Main, makes Galesburg famous, was due to the energy of Mrs. Adda George, under whom I studied in high school.

I am afraid that these memories are rather disconnected but perhaps I could add just one more: that of his speech in Springfield when Stevenson was inaugurated as Governor. It was a notable address with some poetry added and indicated his nose for rising statesmen. This reminds me of when we were walking on the sands at Harbert in the spring of 1940 and he said he thought Roosevelt would run for a third term and be elected. It was the first time I had heard that suggestion.

Photo by Bauman, Galesburg

TWO OF THE EARLIER SANDBURG PHOTOGRAPHS

The picture at the left, of Carl Sandburg and his mother, Mrs. Clara Mathilda Anderson Sandburg, was taken in the yard at his Elmhurst home in 1926, the year of her death. The one on the right was taken in 1895 on his "off day" as porter at the Union Hotel barber shop in Galesburg.

MENTOR AND FIRST PUBLISHER

By ALAN JENKINS

ASIDE from undergraduate contributions to the *Lombard Review* (Sandburg attended Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois, from 1898 to 1902), and some verses in the November, 1902, issue of *The Thistle,* the first of Carl Sandburg's writings to know print appeared in three pocket-size booklets: *In Reckless Ecstasy* (1904), *The Plaint of a Rose* (1904), and *Incidentals* (about 1905). The printing was done by Professor Philip Green Wright of the college on a press in the basement of his home. A disciple of William Morris, Wright did a craftsman's job of attractively printing and binding his former student's writings.

Wright was Sandburg's literary and spiritual mentor as well as first publisher. Sandburg has written (in a memorial brochure printed for private distribution by Wright's family):

"Philip Green Wright will always be a momentous figure to me . . . . I had four years of almost daily contact with him at college, for many years visited him as often as possible, and there was never a time when he did not deepen whatever of reverence I had for the human mind . . . . He was at home in either the hard-as-nails utilitarian fields or in the realms of the ethereal and insoluble. He was a great man and teacher."

For an outline of Wright's colorful, achievement-packed career (trained as a civil engineer, he taught in a half-dozen college departments, became a U. S. government tariff expert)

Alan Jenkins, pastor of Central Congregational Church, Galesburg, Illinois, is writing a biography of Sandburg.

the reader is referred to Sandburg's sketch of Wright in *The Dictionary of American Biography.*

One of Wright's English courses at Lombard required the writing of daily themes. So impressed was he in the academic year 1898-1899 by the daily literary efforts of three students —Sandburg, Athol Brown, and Howard Lauer, that he invited them to meet with him in an informal literary group at his home on Sunday afternoons. "We called ourselves," he wrote in the foreword to *In Reckless Ecstasy,* "the Poor Writers' Club . . . . At these meetings we read for our mutual edification and criticism our own productions in prose and verse . . . ." Some of the Sandburg pieces, prose and verse, which Wright, as editor-publisher, selected for inclusion in the thirty-nine-page *In Reckless Ecstasy* were first read and talked over in the Poor Writers' Club.

Wright was the kind of English teacher who could creatively listen, who aimed not to prescribe subject and form but simply to encourage individuality and aptness of expression. "He seemingly only sought," Athol Brown has written me, "to stir us into action in order to see what would happen." While Wright instructed in prosody, verse analysis, according to Brown, was always subordinated to literary appreciation.

Literary reasons were not the only ones which drew Sandburg to his English professor. Equally important was Wright's intense social consciousness. Sandburg had entered college after much rough-and-tumble experience in the economic world. In a seven-year period of odd jobs (from grade school graduation in 1891 to enlistment in the Spanish-American War) he had sampled the insecurities and economic ordeals of urban workers and farmers alike in an era when effective labor and farm organizations were just getting started and when social controls had yet to be forged for the great corporations. In his mid-teens he had warmed to Bryan's "common man" orations and to the social justice aims of John P. Altgeld. Early in life he had felt the spell of the tall

humanitarian who had debated in Galesburg in 1858 and who had become President. In Wright Sandburg rejoiced to find a kindred spirit politically, a campus apostle of economic reform. Moreover, along with other idealists of the late 1890's and early 1900's, Wright was attractive for his political optimism. The new century would see a new social order! Wright helped Sandburg to find early those humanitarian horizons and final social optimism which characterize *The People, Yes.* A Socialist during Sandburg's college days, Wright in later life (it is interesting to note the parallel fact in Sandburg's life) became a political independent.

In addition to *Elizur Wright: The Father of Life Insurance,* a first-class biography (in collaboration with Mrs. Wright) of his grandfather, and besides many studies in economics, Wright published four collections of his own verses. Sandburg wrote forewords for two—*The Dial of the Heart* (1904) and *The Dreamer* (1906), both printed on Wright's own press. The narrative poems, mainly political, are in blank verse; the lyrics are rhymed and follow traditional forms. "The Cry of the Underlings," which appeared in *The Dreamer,* became a favorite with the labor press, traveling far via reprints.

Along with social reform, a new, widespread interest in Lincoln the man, as opposed to Lincoln the myth, was "in the air" during Sandburg's college days. Wright was among those who were learning to see Lincoln as not only exemplary but as representative and prophetic, as not only a shaper of the "American dream" but as one of its products. Wright's early academic career had coincided with the first great period in Lincoln research and writing. He was doing graduate work at Harvard (1886-1887) when the "official biography" by Nicolay and Hay began running serially in *Century Magazine.* He was in his second year at Lombard (1894) when the same writers brought out their two-volume *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln.* The following year Ida M. Tarbell began

deeply to stir the national imagination with the serializing of her Lincoln studies in *McClure's Magazine*. Over the years Wright followed with growing appreciation the evolving Lincoln portrait; by the time Sandburg enrolled at Lombard, his English teacher was talking Lincoln *the man*. In the memorial brochure already mentioned, John C. Weigel, Lombard '08, recalled: "Through him [Wright] I first gained a picture of the real Abraham Lincoln, the kind of human being Carl Sandburg has given us in *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*." Added Weigel, apostrophizing the poet-biographer: "As I read it [*The Prairie Years*], Carl Sandburg, I wondered if even you know how much of Philip Green Wright shines through the rare beauty of your precious book!" Lacking direct testimony from Sandburg on this point, we can only infer that, in four years of intimate association, he must have found some guidance from Wright in the maturing of his understanding of Lincoln.

Student Sandburg and Wright were both enthusiastic readers of John Ruskin (in his third year at college Sandburg gave a prize-winning oration on Ruskin). Both found bracing the oracular moralizings of Elbert Hubbard (one summer Sandburg, while selling stereoscopic views, called upon "the sage" in East Aurora, taking a letter of introduction from Professor Wright). Ruskin, Hubbard, Pater, Tolstoi, Carlyle, Emerson, Shakespeare, Kipling, and Whitman were, according to Athol Brown and others, among the wide variety of writers singled out by Wright for special classroom attention.

One surmises that the full extent of Wright's influence on Sandburg will never be known, that it is indeed beyond the reach of Sandburg's own introspection, and that such chronicling as is here attempted can at best only vaguely symbolize an influence that went soul-deep, affecting motive and desire. "Omnivorous curiosities, idealism, deep sympathy for the oppressed, hatred of social injustice and abuse of power, modesty"—these were among Wright's traits as listed in the

memorial brochure. In an article in the Knox College *Siwasher* for October, 1934, John C. Weigel wrote:

> Philip Green Wright was the only man I have ever known who, by the many facets of his genius, lent credibility to the many-sided personalities of the Renaissance. Those who knew only the economist of later years for his internationally distinguished researches on sugar tariffs and vegetable and mineral oils can have only the faintest notion of what his extraordinary mind, coupled with his quiet enthusiasms and gentle, encouraging friendship, meant to those of us who as his students came under his amazing spell.

Carl Sandburg, who has spoken to me of Wright as "a prairie Leonardo da Vinci," concurs in this estimate.

Wright was at heart a poet. "I have always been a dreamer," he wrote, "whenever I have been able for a few days to free myself from care and hurry, I have heard the voice of my first love whispering me to write. And my thoughts and emotions have turned themselves into verse." Finding no welcome in the magazines, he early resigned himself to the private printing of his poetry. Did he see in the "rough-featured, healthy boy, possessed of indomitable energy and buoyancy of spirit" (Wright's description of student Sandburg in the foreword to *In Reckless Ecstasy*) a poet who might go far? In one of his poems in *The Dreamer,* Wright wrote:

> He shall come, the great Singer, and men shall be filled with a new hope;
> He shall come, the great Singer, and the souls of men shall be caught up as in a strong wind . . . .

Would Sandburg be that singer? We may guess that such was Wright's secret hope.

CARL SANDBURG AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

The photograph on the front cover of this issue of the *Journal* was taken when Carl Sandburg visited the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., on February 12, 1952—as he has done every year since the Memorial was dedicated in 1922. The photographer who made such effective use of the Daniel Chester French statue of Lincoln as a background was Arthur Ellis of the staff of the *Washington Post.*

A PAIR OF "DREAMERS"

By C. E. VAN NORMAN

CARL SANDBURG is a "collector's author"—not all fine writers are. A perfect gem of a rare book, and one with great interest for the Sandburg collector, is *The Dreamer,* a small volume of poems by Philip Green Wright with a foreword by Charles A. Sandburg. Numbering fifty-three pages it was printed in Galesburg, Illinois, in 1906 by the Asgard Press.

My first *Dreamer* was acquired several years ago. An interest in books printed in Galesburg and in books written by authors who had lived in Galesburg was with me from earlier Knox College days. The writer of the poems, Philip Green Wright, I did not know; and I was not sure that Charles A. Sandburg who wrote the two-page foreword was Carl Sandburg, poet and Lincoln man. The Asgard Press imprint was also new to me, and there was a fascination about it. Inquiry at several local printing shops brought no information concerning such a press. And it was some time before I learned the Asgard Press had been the basement press in the home of Lombard Professor Philip Green Wright, a fine teacher and a man who greatly inspired Carl Sandburg.

On this private press were printed small editions of three works by the able poet, Wright, and three by his promising former scholar, Sandburg. Besides *The Dreamer* were printed Wright's *The Dial of the Heart* and *A Baker's Dozen for a Few Score Friends.* From this press came in 1904 that Sand-

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C. E. Van Norman, owner of the Van Norman Book Company, Galesburg, Illinois, has acquired a fine collection of Sandburgiana.

burg *Tamerlane* under the name, *In Reckless Ecstasy;* and later, *The Plaint of a Rose* and *Incidentals.*

The Dreamer apparently is the only one of these books to be "dignified" by a cloth binding, the others appearing in paper covers. It is a small volume, printed on fine Alexandra paper, with the leaves approximately four by seven inches, uncut excepting the bottom edges. The cloth binding is scarlet and lettering on the front cover and spine is black.

A collector's heart skips a beat when a second copy of a scarce book comes to light and proves not to be an identical twin. When my second *Dreamer* turned up, there was no doubt it was different, for it was bound in tan boards, with light brown lettering, and protected by a slip-case of light boards to which was attached a small paper label reading "The Dreamer." The contents of the two copies are alike but "place finder" silk ribbons differ in color: one is red and the other is white.

Take your choice of binding, *The Dreamer* is a neat volume. In its format is the influence of William Morris or of Elbert Hubbard; six lines immediately following a half-title being from "A Dream of John Ball" hint toward Morris. These lines Wright offers as he says "by way of a condiment." Following the title-page come words of dedication by Wright:

> To dreamers who see the solid earth
> A fiction of the years,
> Who hear in Chicago's wheat pit
> The music of the spheres:
> And when men say, "'Tis final,
> This dogma, custom, style
> Is like the rock"—gaze over them
> To the phantom hills, and smile.

Then comes the foreword by Sandburg in which he says: "The use of poetry and the source of poetry are themes eternal. . . . He who planned the stars and shut up the sea with doors has not forgotten to give us dreamers . . ."

Under "Salted Almonds" is an apology by Wright, necessary he feels because of criticisms of his former volume, *The Dial of the Heart,* by persons who did not understand the plan of the book and failed to read the succession of poems as the dial of a man's heart. He adds that in this new volume, "There is the dial of the world's heart." There follow poems on the dreamer, the queen, college girl, and teacher, musician, the captain of industry, the cry of underlings, the socialist, and the poet. "Each social era has its dominating ideal and type . . . around whom the other persons of the drama move and play their little parts." There are dreamers and poets in all eras who feel "world-current flowing by and reveal its direction and destiny." The lesson of the book is one of "wider charity" and "a deeper sense of brotherhood."

And from Sandburg's foreword again: "Dream with the dreamer herein his dreams. Some day we may weave them into realities, for much of life is of such stuff as dreamers are made of." Dream upon dream, and a pair of dreamers, woven together, inextricably woven together in printer's ink in a collector's pair of *Dreamers.*

WHAT THE BIOGRAPHER FINDS IN LINCOLN

Lloyd Lewis, in his review of *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years,* in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* for December 3, 1939, wrote:

> Lincoln was in himself so large a mirror of mankind that every biographer finds in him the thing he admires most, hence lawyers think Lincoln's legal side the thing that made him great, soldiers think his education in handling soldiers the main thing in his fame, preachers say it was his exalted moral sense, and Sandburg the writer, while giving the most catholic of evaluations to date, would seem, by his emphasis, to feel that it was as a user of words that Lincoln shone the brightest. And the evidence goes far to support such a view.
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> To read Sandburg's detailed description of how Lincoln wrote his most renowned papers, speeches and letters, of what was in the air at the moment, is as absorbing as it would be suddenly to come across the revelation of just how Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet.*

A FOLKSY, FRIENDLY FELLOW

By PAUL JORDAN-SMITH

I FIRST heard of Carl Sandburg through one of the faculty at Lombard, the late Philip Green Wright—one of the most inspiring (and the friendliest) teachers I had in my undergraduate days. Wright was always urging his students to extra-curricular activity, and his prime purpose was to get beginning writers to print their stuff with their own hands. In the basement of his home he had a very good, simple press, and the little books and pamphlets issued therefrom bore the impress, "The Asgard Press."

He had inspired Sandburg (who then signed himself Charles A. Sandburg) to set up, or watch the printing of, at least two pamphlets,[1] one of which Wright gave me. It was a prose poem thing, called *Incidentals.* Along with that he gave me a copy of his own book of verse, *The Dreamer,* which had a foreword by Sandburg. The last was dated 1906. It was given me in 1907.

At that time Sandburg had written a number of things for a little Chicago magazine called *Tomorrow* (edited by Parker H. Sercombe), and Wright gave me copies of that magazine with the remark that while the *magazine* was a little queer, Sandburg showed great promise of being a major literary figure.

I never turned printer, but greatly admiring both Wright

[1] Quincy Wright, on page 308, says, "Carl roamed around the establishment watching his youthful efforts being set up."

Paul Jordan-Smith has been literary editor of the Los Angeles Times *since* 1933.

and Sandburg, I followed Wright's suggestion and called on Sandburg when I first went to Chicago (1910). He worked then on the *Daily Socialist.* A year or so later I called at his office when he was secretary to Emil Seidel, then mayor of Milwaukee.

In those days Sandburg's hair was black as a crow's wing, but he was the same folksy, friendly fellow he has remained down the years. He seemed to me then as now, earthy, honest, loving and lovable.

Photo by H. A. Berens, Elmhurst, 1952

THE SANDBURGS' ELMHURST HOME

Carl Sandburg lived in this house at 331 South York Street, Elmhurst, Illinois, from 1918 to the late 1920's. His desk, at which he wrote some of *The Prairie Years,* the *Rootabaga* stories, and many of his poems, stood in front of the double window overlooking the summer kitchen at the right.

The main part of this home, which the Sandburgs called "Happiness House," was built in 1857 by Peter Torode and is one of the oldest buildings in the Chicago suburb. The one-story summer kitchen was built on another location in the 1840's and served originally as the first schoolhouse in Cottage Hill (now Elmhurst). The house has sixty-five windows and thirty-seven doors.

AND THE *CHICAGO DAILY NEWS*

By HARRY HANSEN

EVER since Carl Sandburg became a national figure students of our literary history and others interested in the Chicago School have wondered what he was like when he worked for the *Chicago Daily News.* When asked, I always reply that he was then exactly as he is today. Of all the authors with whom I grew up, so to speak, he has changed least in physical appearance, in mental attitude, and in basic sympathy with human beings.

Thirty years ago Carl had the same unruly shock of hair over his forehead, the same attitude of leaning forward to catch a significant remark, the same deliberate manner of winding up a sentence to an explosive laugh at the end. I suppose his hair is whiter now, but his features are hardly less lined than they were then. He is still tremendously interested in many subjects, and as much concerned with the welfare of the common man as ever. A student once asked if I did not agree that Carl had become conservative in his views with the years, and I replied that many of the reforms that Carl, and his friend Gene Debs, had advocated years ago, were now the boast of many conservatives, but I thought Carl was still earnestly looking ahead, far beyond their line of vision.

The first time I heard of Carl was before either of us was associated with the *Chicago Daily News.* Maurice Browne,

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Harry Hansen, literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, *1920-1926;* New York World, *1926-1931; and* New York World-Telegram, *1931-1948, is the author of* Midwest Portraits, *the first book to contain a chapter on Sandburg, and of* Carl Sandburg, the Man and His Poetry.

who was sending electric shocks through intellectual Chicago by his brilliant lectures on Hardy, Shaw, Nietzsche and other rebels, remarked to Arthur Davison Ficke in my presence that next Sunday they must get together, because Carl Sandburg was coming in from Galesburg. My antennae always have been in good working order, and here I recognized the name as something specially to be remembered. I did not meet Carl then, but when I read "Chicago" I knew what the name meant to me. I had found expressed something I had dimly apprehended. As a statement of the fact of existence, the basic impulses, of a vast, confusing city, "Chicago" is incomparable. It made a tremendous impact on my emotions. It made me hear the hooting of tugs on the river, the grinding wheels of the elevated trains, the slam-bang of trolley trucks on the streets. From that moment I was a recruit for the literary revolt that brought life back to over-cultivated fields.

When I met Carl he was both grave and friendly. I had entered the *Daily News* by the reporters' door, but if Carl had a desk in that long, narrow local room I never found it out. He was only visible at odd times, turning in copy that had matured in Milwaukee, Blue Island, Herrin, the Black Belt. Carl had a knowledge of labor activities and most of his copy dealt with that. Sometimes he would go to a convention and not show up for days. At that time labor news was not an important item. It didn't sell papers, nor did the doings of labor leaders move mountains. Carl was not limited to labor; he had other interests and assignments, but solving murder cases was not among them. Eventually Carl contributed a personal feature, his comment on whatever he cared to write about.

In all this Carl worked directly with the news editor, Henry Justin Smith. It is my belief that neither Carl nor I would have lasted long on the newspaper but for the unusual protection assured us by Smith's interest. No one has yet done justice in print to this extraordinary genius of the newspaper. Only Smith could have held the loyalty of so many men and

women who have achieved distinction in literature and journalism. I can't begin to enumerate them. They included Ben Hecht, Vincent Starrett, Robert J. Casey, John Gunther, Paul Scott Mowrer, William Hedges, Howard Blakeslee, Junius Wood, Sterling North, Keith Preston, Henry Blackman Sell, Rose Caylor, Meyer Levin, Lloyd Lewis, Howard Vincent O'Brien, Gene Morgan, and a number of others.

Smith was a tall, scholarly-looking man with a dark mustache, who never moved a muscle of his face when he spoke, and whose eyes always had a searching look. He seemed to know intuitively where writing talent lay hidden. He seemed to sense all literary undercurrents. When Carl read something he had set down on the typewriter and corrected with his thick black pencil, when Ben Hecht began writing as rapidly as he talked, when Keith Preston, Vincent Starrett and I drifted over to a bookshop two steps down from street level on West Washington Street, where Pat Covici and Billy McGee were publishing Hecht, Wallace Smith, Bodenheim, Samuel Putnam and the caricatures Gene Markey drew of all the gang, Henry Smith sat down at his typewriter in Wilmette, and making haste slowly, typed out *Deadlines,* and *Josslyn* and half a dozen other books, without the aid of notes, without fuss, without the birth pangs that, in others, attended the writing of a novel. There is something of all of us in Smith's stories —an ear, a leg, a whim and determination.

There is something of Carl, too, in Ben Hecht's *Erik Dorn*—a Swedish poet, I believe, who doesn't play a very virtuous part. Ben took characters where he found them, but he let his imagination play around recognizable personalities, and what emerged was not intended to be true to life. When I told Carl that Ben had written another novel, he asked, with a laugh: "Has he got another Swedish poet in it?"

Those were the days when Carl began to write about Lincoln. He spoke of the work modestly, usually mentioning a discovery he had made—what Lincoln said and did on a speci-

fic occasion—or what he had found in Oliver Barrett's office vault. Carl was always able to get time off to go lecturing; it helped out his pay, but it also gave him his great opportunity, to visit Lincoln collections in other cities and to meet men who could talk about Lincoln. He had other interests, too. The fragment of a folk song on the air would send Carl hunting for it. He gave these songs back to his audiences, often repeating them, but never failing to be interested in new ones.

He had then, and, I suppose has yet, the habit of clipping from the newspaper stray items of historical interest, or comment, that struck him as unusual. He always had some in his pockets. Whatever they were about, they acquired special significance when Carl read them. Carl dealt in specific incidents, not abstractions. This trait came into full use in the final volumes of the Lincoln biography. The heaping up of incident, the use of anecdote and the casual remark as a key to inner motives, sidelights out of a letter—the use of all this material as illustration is characteristic of Carl's biographical manner. It is also characteristic of his intense interest in all phases of human behavior.

One day a special writer for a New York magazine came to Chicago to appraise Midwestern writers. He asked for news about Chicago authors, and we talked about Sandburg. I happened to illustrate Carl's direct, informal manner with audiences as characteristic of our Midwestern revolt; we were breaking with embellishment and expressing ourselves in the plain ways that were native to us. I remarked, for instance, that unlike the British authors who were then overrunning the country, Carl did not lecture in a dinner coat. My New York friend had an opportunity to hear Carl that night at the University of Chicago. Imagine my surprise when his article appeared with the statement that while Midwesterners boasted that they were common clay, even Carl Sandburg, their most characteristic spokesman, sang folk songs in a dinner coat. I could not explain this error until I rememberd that Carl used

to wear a dark suit, and a little black bow tie, which, from a seat twenty rows back, might seem to be formal attire. Obviously the correspondent's eyes had misled him.

Sometimes Carl wrote an editorial for Charles H. Dennis; so did I. We were not asked to do so; we enjoyed expressing what moved us, even though the *Daily News* did not favor emphatic declarations. When William Dean Howells died, I sat down and wrote a piece about him. Howells had outlived his influence; realism had passed beyond his early ministrations, but he was a forerunner of the movement we were in and we respected him. Carl was also stirred to write something. So was Mr. Dennis. The editorial that appeared was a remarkable feat. It contained one of Carl's paragraphs; also, one of mine. The head and tail had been supplied by Mr. Dennis.

A friend of those years reminded me the other day of an incident I had forgotten. He said: "You may not recall this, but once, when I was in charge of a club in Milwaukee, I asked you to speak to us. You replied that you couldn't come, but would it be all right if you sent a substitute. And then you sent us Carl Sandburg—of all people!" He had considered Carl inaccessible, especially since the fee was small. But Carl was never inaccessible. He has given freely of his time to many causes, and often because he wanted to give someone a friendly hand. He has spoken for the people, and he remains one of them.

Industry, persistence and patience have played a large part in the flowering of Carl Sandburg's genius. No matter how hard he had to work there was always a singing inside him. When he writes poems he expresses the emotional side of American social history. When he sings folk songs he demonstrates the oral tradition by which simple people recall events. In small talk he puts things in a new way. I have known him to have plenty of time for talk, and because he has worked hard, he always has something to say.

BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP

By FREDERIC BABCOCK

MY FIRST contact with Carl Sandburg took place nearly a quarter of a century ago. But it is still vivid in my memory.

I was a newcomer in Chicago, and, in addition to my editorial work on the *Tribune,* I was writing articles for the *Nation.* In one of these I attempted to tear apart—with a mixture of what I regarded as humor and sarcasm—one of the leading public figures of the day. Carl (whom I had never met) made this comment in his column in the *Chicago Daily News:* "Babcock writes like a gargoyle, not knowing whether to laugh or to weep."

Then, kindly soul that he was and is, he graciously sent me an apology. My reply read something like this: "Thanks for your note. It is deeply appreciated, even though entirely unnecessary. If you knew how grateful I, an unknown, was for that printed recognition by you, a celebrity, you would not have bothered to apologize."

Some months later, when the two of us were scheduled to address the annual dinner of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, we arranged to sit together and get acquainted. We have been warm friends ever since.

Frederic Babcock has been editor of the Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books *since its beginning in 1942.*

A COLD WALK WITH CARL

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

CARL SANDBURG and I became acquainted some thirty years ago because of our common interest in two somewhat unrelated subjects: Abraham Lincoln and motion pictures. I was then a movie critic and Sandburg was writing *The Prairie Years,* that extraordinarily appropriate fusing of history and poetry which was the very essence of Lincoln himself.

Some years later I suddenly decided to try to become a playwright and inevitably got around to attempting a play called *Abe Lincoln in Illinois.* When this play was published in book form, Carl very graciously consented to write a foreword for it. In that same year, 1939, appeared *The War Years,* the completion of Sandburg's monumental work. I had the honor of reviewing this for the Sunday book section of *The New York Times,* and shortly thereafter Carl arrived in New York and telephoned me, saying, "Come down to the Harcourt, Brace office and we'll go for a walk." This was delivered not as an amiable, sociable suggestion but as a military command, and I could only reply, "Yes, sir."

It was late in the afternoon of a bitter, cold December day when we started walking northward from East Forty-fifth Street. Carl is a fast walker, and although I have a long stride, my breath is short, particularly when I am bucking a strong and frigid headwind. By the time we had reached about the

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Robert E. Sherwood has won four Pulitzer Prizes for his writings which include Abe Lincoln in Illinois *and* Roosevelt and Hopkins.

middle of Central Park, somewhere around the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I began to wonder just how soon I should be compelled to break the news that I had had enough.

The walk had been conducted in almost total silence when I heard Carl start talking in his wonderful, measured tones, in which there was not the slightest evidence of breathlessness. I cannot presume to quote him directly. He was discussing the subject of life after death. I gathered that he had reached no firm conclusions about it but, for the sake of argument, he was prepared to concede that it exists. On that assumption, he said, let us suppose that the immortal spirit of Abraham Lincoln is hovering over the two of us as we walk through Central Park on this December evening. What does he think of the two of us?

I replied, feebly, "I know I should not be worrying about that if I were you."

He made no comment on that. We continued for awhile in silence and then I asked, "Still assuming that the immortal spirit of Abraham Lincoln is hovering over us, what do you think he would say to the proposition that you and I stop in someplace and have a drink?"

Several minutes passed while Carl Sandburg weighed this proposition. Finally he spoke—and now one could hear in his tones the resonance of thunder over the prairies: "I think he would approve."

So we repaired to 21 West Fifty-second Street and drank to the confusion of Adolf Hitler who was then embarked upon the conquest of the world.

The next time that I saw Carl was a year later when we were both in the White House working for the re-election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Carl Sandburg is one of our great natural resources and I am proud to have walked with him, no matter how many years it may have taken off my life.

CARL

By J. G. RANDALL

BILLY HERNDON once wrote: "Mr. Lincoln thought too much and did too much . . . to be crammed into an epigram or shot off with a single rocket." These words could also be said of Carl Sandburg.

To limn the portrait of Lincoln would take many hands and minds, and so it is with Carl. One must put together the statements of men all over America to have even the beginning of an appraisal of what Sandburg means in poetry, in the journalism of reporting, in the journalism of the column, in history, in biography, and in the vibrant world of American song. There occasionally arises among us one who embodies the fulfillment of American democracy, while at the same time he is the spokesman of democracy. Such a man was Lincoln, and such a man is Sandburg. In his life and achievement he stands as the proof, the very certificate, of democracy. He is also the eloquent bard and interpreter of what is distinctive in American life.

He is as American as "Corn Huskers," or Galesburg, or *The Prairie Years,* or *Remembrance Rock.* That book has been called a novel, an epic, and a sermon. Carl himself has called it "American Timesweep." It suggests the sweep of America down the centuries. It is for each reader to state for himself what the book means. Among other things it means American history as no one else has handled it, close-up human realities

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J. G. Randall, professor of history emeritus, University of Illinois, is the author of several books on Lincoln, including three volumes of Lincoln the President.

in place of stuffy tomes, change and crisis through the generations, the American credo with force and noble sentiment but without ballyhoo, passages of pure beauty, renderings of great moments in our national life, personal situations poignantly portrayed, the living past recreated in a special and unique medium. It is a rugged book and an eloquent one—not a book of heroics, but of brave periods brought close to the reader in the life and breath of men and women as they lived and felt.

Carl is an original. Set patterns are not his guide nor his hindrance. He does not need to follow any form book. In his reporting days the slogan was: "Print Sandburg as is."

It is fortunate that he has lived in an age of radio and of sound recording. His diction and word selection have a kind of wizardry, and this can be appreciated by reading him, but it is also essential to hear him. It has been said that "he speaks in rhythm." As one listens there is a rise and fall, a cadence, an *andante* and *crescendo* that are as much a part of him as that unruly lock of hair that keeps slipping over his brow. The portrait of the man is not complete without the living voice.

A hundred visual flashes and impressions come to mind when Sandburg's name is mentioned. There is the unforgettable picture of Carl lecturing to an audience, filling the auditorium with volleys of sound and waves of laughter or playing softly on tender and deeper emotions. The recollection may be of the poet at his Harbert, Michigan, home, walking the beach of the "Big Lake of the Booming Rollers." Or it may be Carl standing in the glorious October of 1949 at New Salem and rising to the unusual occasion with alternating humor, reminiscence, Lincolnian comment, readings, and timely words on America's responsibilities. Having done all this he remarked: "I clean forgot about this guitar." Then, with background of guitar chords, came that virile, resonant baritone that has made him the most beloved singer of American folk songs.

In the summer of 1947, one minute after midnight, in the

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Following his lecture in April, 1950, Sandburg was photographed with Professor of Law Edward W. Cleary, chairman of the University of Illinois committee on lectures (center), and Historian J. G. Randall.

first moments of July 26, the date legally fixed for the opening of the Lincoln papers after many years of guardianship and closure to investigators, came an instant of special meaning. One was reminded of the words of Keats, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer":

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken. . . .

Assembled Lincoln "fans"—or specialists, or investigators, or devotees—had then an experience never to be repeated. When, following the opening of the locked safes, the Lincoln searchers on that memorable night in the Library of Congress plunged into the papers—dashing from volumes to index and back to volumes (some with the uneasy realization that a national broadcast was coming up that afternoon)—when all this was happening, it was Carl who filled the night hours with his rich humor and booming laugh. It was Carl also

who did the best job of spot reporting for that opening. Leaving the Library of Congress in the wee small hours of the night—the best hours for Carl—he got in his "copy." On the evening of that day people in the cities, getting their Sunday paper after dinner, found the unique Sandburg account of what happened. Carl was again the reporter as in former days. When in the public ceremony that afternoon Carl was presented to the audience, the immediate ovation he received was rousing, spontaneous, and soul warming. We knew then why children crowd in to get his autograph, why all America loves him, and why a soldier said that at camp all the boys knew Sandburg.

For a number of days Carl could be seen among the workers in the Library of Congress, hugely enjoying the original manuscripts that Lincoln had touched, chuckling and glowing as Lincoln's own day came to life with each new item. He was a picture for the artist's eye as the light fell on his rugged head and expressive features. In that summer he met for the first time a vivid personality who had remembered seeing Lincoln—dear Madame Dorothy Lamon Teillard, daughter of Ward H. Lamon. Again it was a picture to be remembered as the poet-biographer and the daughter of Lincoln's friend sat and talked, forgetful of the hours, in a rich, old-fashioned Georgetown drawing room.

Carl's quality is shown in homely, friendly things expressed in jeweled language, in *Rootabaga Stories,* in *The American Songbag,* and in deeply significant declarations that show his indignation at social injustice. In his own incomparable idiom he has given us Lincoln, and he has done it in a way that no other biographer has matched. In the *Prairie Years* and *War Years* we have the richest, the most flavorful, the most alive, and the most humanly interpretive of all the Lincoln biographies.

Hundreds of thousands have seen him, for he has been up and down and across America many times. He once wrote:

"There are certain old poems . . . . And we learn them by heart; We memorize their lines and outlines, and put them away in the . . . attics of our memories, keeping them as keepsakes, taking them out and handling them, reciting their feel and rhythm, scanning their lines, and then putting them back till the next time they will be wanted, for they will always be wanted again."

If that is true of remembered verses it is equally true of Carl himself. We may see him often or only on rare occasions, but the visual and audible impressions of the man remain. They stay with us. We would not give them up.

MRS. LILIAN STEICHEN SANDBURG WITH THREE OF HER PETS AT CHIKAMING FARM, HARBERT, MICHIGAN

CATTAILS

By THOMAS I. STARR

A FRIENDSHIP with Carl Sandburg is a personal thing, you just enjoy it and appreciate it, and cherish the memories it calls up. I haven't known Carl well enough to have a supply of stories about him—but I do have several recollections which have never been put into print.

There was that night when Edgar DeWitt Jones, Col. S. L. A. Marshall, Lee Smits, and one or two others were in my basement library, and we discussed a wide range of subjects from possible World War III to the miracles of Christ as found in the Apocrypha. Then there was the time when Carl was working on the preface for his *Complete Poems* and he tried out the manuscript on several of us. (I think he wrote all or most of that preface on the same antiquated L. C. Smith I'm using now.)

I remember the first time Carl was ever in our home. Ellen, contrary to my wishes, had a bunch of cattails as a decorative piece in a corner of the living room. Cattails can become a darn nuisance when they commence to dry out and come apart. Carl saw them and uttered an explosive approval of Ellen's decorative taste. We've gone into every winter since with cattails in the living room.

Then there was the Sunday morning, just after breakfast, when a telephone call came from Richmond, Virginia. It was Douglas Southall Freeman calling to ask us to meet Carl at Detroit's Willow Run airport that afternoon. We did, and it was the beginning of five interesting days and short nights when we learned about fried bread, fermented goat

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Thomas I. Starr was formerly editor of the magazine of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company and is the editor of A Lost Speech of Abraham Lincoln.

milk, and several goat cheese sandwiches Carl had toted from home, via Richmond. Carl had to do his own housekeeping that time, for we were all away at work and at school. He said he lived high, but all of the provisions seemed to come out of a large paper sack and twentieth century carpet bag he brought with him.

Office girls in our department at the Michigan Bell Telephone Company are still provoked at him because he would close the door and the transom in my office before he played his guitar. But they remember the time he came and did not play because he was angry. It was during the war, our building was under heavy guard, Carl had to sign a pass to get into the building, and was then ushered up to my office by an armed guard. I think they kept his guitar downstairs; and the last I heard, one of our Negro elevator girls had paid a dollar for his signed pass to the Bell Telephone building.

Yes, I have several stories of incidents during my friendship with Carl Sandburg. There's the one about the second or third time we met, and the first time we ever exchanged more than a passing word or two. But that one is best told after the third highball. The story I like best to tell, however, is of the time I found his quarterly Harcourt, Brace dividend check in a pile of old papers in his garage when he was packing to move from Michigan to North Carolina. I'll let Mrs. Sandburg tell that one, because the check was delivered into her safekeeping. And if you don't know and love Lilian Steichen Sandburg, then you don't know Carl Sandburg.

I saw him last when, on July 4, 1952, Ellen and the children and I stopped at Flat Rock for a few hours. I hate to admit it, but he's in a much lovelier setting than he ever was in Michigan. He says he misses the roar of Lake Michigan; but I find there's more quiet beauty in the hills of North Carolina, where he lives in the beautiful home built in 1833 by Confederate Secretary of the Treasury Christopher Memminger.

CARL SANDBURG, YES

By WILLIAM P. SCHENK

There was a time when the Dream was a few moccasined steps
into the woods this side of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.
A little later, a page or two farther on in history books,
and the Dream was the smoky wall of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge.

There was a time when the Dream was a hunter's fire or a lonely cabin
in Ohio, in Kentucky, in Indiana. Some sunsets, some sunrises,
a few pages more, and the Dream was a steamboat on the Mississippi
and the raw pine shanties in the mud of St. Louis and Chicago.

Wife and children, a skillet and some seeds, some chickens
and a plow inside his creaking wagon—a man would move ahead—
with a long rifle on one shoulder and a big chip of hope on the other.
But the Dream had a way of moving on, always ahead of a man.

The Dream moved to the Missouri, along the Plains, over the Rockies,
and on across the deserts, always ahead of the trappers, the miners,
the traders, the cattlemen, the sodbusters, the pony expressmen,
the overland stage, and the railroads.

Then, some say, the Dream came to an end—dissolved somehow
in the vast blue welcome of the Pacific. There are those who believe this.

Carl Sandburg knows better.

He knows the Dream never died. He knows there was no ending
to its spacious story of sharp axes, and willing hands, the making
of new songs, daring in the dark, and eager eyes on morning horizons.

He knows the Dream lives on—lives on across a forty-eight state ocean
of distances and time, where farmlands ebb and swell from dawn
through sundown,
and the cities under the stratocruisers are starfields in the night.

He knows the Dream lives on in men and women—as hard to pin down
as the smokes over their skyscrapers or the shadows in their alleys,
but no more perishable than the moonlight on their mountainsides
or the sunshine arched from New York Harbor to the Golden Gate.

Carl Sandburg knows.

William P. Schenk, an assistant editor of Science Digest *magazine, Chicago, has done secretarial work for Sandburg, particularly on* Remembrance Rock.

THOUGHTS ON A FRIEND

By FREDERICK HILL MESERVE

MY friendship with Carl Sandburg began with his first visit to my house in New York, as we sat together in the library and discussed what photographs he would need from my collection to illustrate *The Prairie Years.* I can hear him now reading from the manuscript to show the kind of thing he was doing on Lincoln's early life—something never before done, poetry and history together, a marvelous blending of his own. I can hear the extraordinary voice, now whispering soft, now booming loud, slowed down almost to stopping one moment, words mouthed and rolled on the tongue and lingered over, then suddenly rippling and tripping forth in a heart-jumping change of pace. I can also vividly see him excitedly holding up one after another of my Brady negatives to the light, exclaiming at their beauty, studying the prints made from them, lingering over the faces of those men and women for he knew the human stories behind those faces. I can see him holding out an enlargement of Hesler's 1860 photograph, remarking in unique Sandburgian language, "the most beloved beardless Lincoln, it does him more handsome than any other beardless photograph."

As the years went by and Carl finished *The War Years* we continued to meet in a companionship which grew in value. I remember his saying he came to the writing of his books because he felt Lincoln was being lost to the nation's youth:

> Ignoramusses were talking about Lincoln in a way that made me tired. The more I got to love the companionship of this man the farther I went in

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Frederick Hill Meserve, long a student of the photographs of the Civil War, is coauthor with Sandburg of The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln.

my job. *The War Years* will take the people a week to read. Some will be insulted. "This is a bale of hay," they will say, "we want a ham sandwich." Every now and then some pleasant human duffer will come up to me and say, "what would Lincoln do if he were here now?" I've written nearly two million words on the subject of Lincoln and they want me to give them a convenient little capsule, possibly requiring two swallows to get it down.

The hours of our evenings together raced by for both of us, always far past my bedtime, but not Carl's, for he worked all night when his mind was on fire. He would talk on and on, thinking out loud. Some of this thinking came forth in words that do not deserve to perish:

In Lincoln's mind was a constant searching around the question, what is justice? an inexorable exactitude, a scrupulous care. The only thing about him that was exquisite, was his sense of justice. Lincoln's personality was wider in range, had more colors and shadings—than any other in our history. He had a sense of human tragedy, a feeling for the lives of those who toil without being requited, for the victims of an inexplicable fate.

These words and many more equally fine, I heard and noted down.

We went on finally, Carl and I, to collaborate on a book, *The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln,* containing every copy from all daguerres, ambrotypes and negatives, and representing the fruits of a half century of my study in this field and in the history of the Civil War. Our friendship deepened, and I regret that Carl's making his home in a southern state prevents me from often hearing his voice.

One of the things which remain in my memory is the inscription in the copy of *The War Years* presented to me by him. I turn to it now and give it here in all humility—"To Frederick Hill Meserve, whose researches are to stand for centuries, with salutations and affection, as between co-workers in the field of America's greatest personal tradition. Carl Sandburg, September 6, 1939."

A MAN OF FAITH IN MAN

By BENJAMIN P. THOMAS

I FIRST met Carl Sandburg in the middle thirties, when he happened into the office of the Abraham Lincoln Association, of which I was then executive secretary. He was a giant in the Lincoln field and I the merest fledgling; but his approachability soon put us on a first-name basis. Over the years acquaintance became friendship, verging, on my part, toward veneration.

On this first visit I had my first insight into a signal facet of Carl's character when, upon my inviting him to dinner at a hotel, he asked if we couldn't go instead to "some workingman's joint." I have noticed since that whenever Carl rides on trains, it is always in a day coach. Because Sandburg is a man of the common people, just as Lincoln was. From them he draws strength and incitement.

Reading Sandburg's *Complete Poems* recently, I was impressed again, as I had been before, by his artistry with language. Few words in his simple sentences are longer than two syllables. Yet they strike with the impact of a fighter's jolting punch—or soothe like a whisper. Scholars were startled by the unique technique of Sandburg's *Prairie Years* when he first ventured into Lincoln biography. But most of those who scoffed then, honor him now, realizing at last that none of those who used traditional methods had been able to recapture the true feeling of Lincoln and bygone days with the power that Carl commands.

Benjamin P. Thomas is the author of several books on Lincoln including the recently published one-volume biography, Abraham Lincoln.

When I tried to appraise Carl as a Lincoln student in my *Portrait for Posterity,* a backstage view of Lincoln authors, I thought it only fair that he should see what I had written about him before it went to press. So I sent him a copy of that chapter for comment and correction. I had offered some criticisms of the *Prairie Years* (the *War Years* seemed invulnerable), and I waited with foreboding for the chapter to come back. When it did, however, it bore Carl's penciled notation: "Let it go as is."

At seventy-five, Carl Sandburg seems scarcely different from the man I first knew in his fifties. His frame remains as unstooped as his nature and his mind. The faith in human kind by which the world now knows him never wavers. That almost boyish quality has never left his smile.

He has been an imperishable builder in the Lincoln field. But there is more than mere stolid permanence in his work. It quickens, impels and uplifts. He has brought Lincoln and his times alive.

"A HOMESPUN, EARTHY QUALITY"

Excerpts from an article, "That Man *Knows* Lincoln," by Evald Benjamin Lawson, president of Upsala College, in the *Lutheran Companion,* February 12, 1942:

Who but a man from the ranks of the common people could ever write sympatheticallly the story of Honest Abe, the son of Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the great commoner who came out of a cabin of the Kentucky frontier? . . .

Edwin Markham has said of Lincoln: "The color of the ground was in him. . . . The smack and tang of elemental things." There is a homespun, earthy quality in Sandburg, too. . . .

May I tell you of a gripping moment when Carl Sandburg was visiting in my home? The hour was long past midnight, but that didn't matter at all. The celebrated author was giving us something of the background of *The War Years.* "I never knew . . . I never knew," he said with a dark, mystic inflection in the voice, and pauses that were profound, "I never knew that one pair of eyes could shed as many tears as fell from mine when I was writing the chapters 'Blood on the Moon' and 'Vast Pageant, Then Great Quiet' "

POETICAL CIRCUIT RIDER

By BRUCE WEIRICK

SOME thirty years ago I wrote a book, *From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry.* It seems that Carl was feeling low at the time as one of Victor F. Lawson's stable of bright boys on the *Chicago Daily News,* and its literary critic, Harry Hansen, took it in to him with the approximate remark: "There, you big slob! See who they are ranking *you* with." Carl told me a year or so ago how the title, at least, cheered him; and as a result he dropped me a note requesting, (1) that I send him some pictures of our Lincoln Ox Yoke, now duly inserted in *The Prairie Years;* and (2) if I got to Chicago before he got down to Urbana, to drop in and get acquainted.

I found him large, vigorous, reddish haired, and completely surrounded by all the Chicago papers, all editions, and enormously excited over the accounts of a shooting fray. It was the day a group of bandits had tried to take the Drake Hotel, and after a successful haul of the till and guests, had fled in a car up through Lincoln Park, the police in hot pursuit, firing wildly, and I believe finally capturing the lot of them. "Ain't it wonderful," said Carl. "Show me another American city that can pull off that kind of thing like that! The old West has nothing on Chicago!" The Valentine Day Massacre was yet to come; but by then Carl's gusto was deep in *The War Years,* hunting bigger and better game.

There were one or two other characteristic things about the first meeting. I remember I spoke of having spent an eve-

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Bruce Weirick is a professor of English at the University of Illinois and the author of From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry.

ning in the Negro district at a soirée at Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's with her Bed of Ware hung from the ceiling right in the middle of the parlor. After Moody died, she started her very successful bakeries, using some of the profits to promote a kind of Chicago MacDowell colony in the old family home on Twenty-second Street at the lakefront, with certainly a strange mélange of promising artists seeking encouragement and cash. Part of her lure was an opportunity to meet the great. Carl, for a time, he told me, had "gone round there," but she had tried to manage him. "Now, Mr. Sandburg, you and Mr. Frost mustn't spend all the evening talking to each other. There are a lot of fine young artists here who want to meet you both." She was, he thought, worthy and idealistic, but he had no faith in her getting much art for her idealism. Perhaps she was one of the first to learn Carl doesn't lead easy.

Carl told me at the time that his $2,500 a year from the *Daily News* didn't go far with a family of five, and that his poetry, though good advertising, paid no more than $400 a year in royalties. Thus his ballad and guitar business to lighten up his readings had been of great help in getting engagements. People, he remarked, wanted to see a poet, though they didn't much want to hear poetry just naked for a whole evening. He complained, I remember, of having to confine his lunch to fifteen cents for bean soup, while the "other boys," Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, who were in the money, could throw out a dollar and a half for theirs at Schlogl's. I comforted him with the remark that anyway he wasn't "digging his grave with his teeth," and so would probably live longer; a prophecy still to be proven, as they are all quite alive.

About midnight we took off down darkest Madison Street for Carl's "owl train" for Elmhurst. The neighborhood was dark and pretty gruesome. I asked Carl if he thought it wise to walk it alone as he usually did. "Not a bit of danger. Been doing it for years, and never been held up." I remember I was

in an ice-cream suit, blue bow tie, and Panama hat, and looking quite robbable. And then I looked at Carl, unpressed, sloppy, rolling along like a workman just off the line, and huge, and a bit formidable, and I guessed why he was so safe. But I took a cab back from the station to my hotel.

This habit of Carl's of remaining magnificently unpressed has continued with something of the fourth estate's contempt for the tailor lingering even in the way he manages to look unconfined in the tuxedo he occasionally yields to. His wild mane of hair, now, alas, white, defies the look of having been barbered; and he cuts a sharp silhouette against one of his own prairie sunsets, an arresting figure of Scandinavian grandeur, himself quite as much a Growth of the Soil, as the Lincoln he has made his own. Sometimes this cosmic giant finds himself in situations that amuse the conventional bystander. His attempt at the Waldorf to return a book to a guest of, say, Herbert Hoover's inaccessibility. The impeccable clerk's "Mr. Hoover is not to be disturbed." Carl's "But I have a book I know he wants," and again, "Mr. Hoover is not to be disturbed." Grimly Carl walked away, brooding. Then, returning to the desk: "Look here, young fellow! What you need is to take a job as night clerk at the Custer Hotel in Galesburg, Illinois! It would make a man of you! And now kindly get on the telephone and tell Hoover that Carl Sandburg is down here, and no more nonsense!" Fortunately, at that point, the manager appeared, and the honor of the Waldorf was saved; but not until Carl had earnestly tried to get that manikin to get off his perch and talk human. Such people disturb Carl profoundly, much, no doubt, as they did Walt Whitman. The publisher who witnessed this little contretemps felt that it was rich in Americana.

Carl's visits at the University of Illinois off and on these thirty years are cherished experiences, from those early feelings of eccentric surprise at Paul Bunyan in Academe, to the present certainty that with him walks more of America

than with any other visitor. This lover of the mob, however, is shy of being mobbed, and insists, for the most part, on quiet visits with the little group of historians, literary fellows, farmers, and jam-session guitarists who are his old friends. Much of his time, I confess, he spends with the Jim Randalls and with me, and we get accused, quite unjustly of hogging him. It is a rap we have to take, and our explanation that Carl wants it that way, is, I fear, only partially believed.

And what do we do with the great man for a week, or rather, what does he do with us? Of course there is the ritualistic visit to the South Farms and the renewal of Carl's acquaintance with our goats, each of which he knows with its pedigree and offspring. I learned from him with astonishment that goats and cattle run in similar strains: Jersey cattle, Jersey goats; Holstein cattle, Holstein goats . . . amazing! And in the late millennium just after the war, Carl shipped by plane one dozen goats from his own prize herd to Joseph Stalin—no less! In his files, no doubt, is a thank-you note in Russian signed by the dictator himself for a gift I do not doubt the Georgian welcomed more than most.

Then there are the night sessions, with ballad and guitar called on as the mood wills to illustrate some Civil War point, a cowboy whim of the West, a railroad ballad, or something new from back of the yards. Now and then Harry Reeves, our local mine of balladry, will come up with one Sandburg doesn't know, and in a minute or two—no more—he will have added it to his repertoire. He seems effortlessly to absorb and retain the thousands of ballads and tunes he knows. What a shame that despite the dozen or so projects he has in hand—at the age of seventy-four!—he has found time to record so few! Among our many fine ballad singers, he is, though with no great voice, one of the most rewarding. Even such fustian as *Jesse James* he turns into a small saga. Depth of feeling, humor, and a ranging imagination, with the art of becoming one with the author, and lovingly soaking up the environment that created the bal-

lad, are part of his appeal. With a voice that is deep and rich, but that doesn't allow for much change of pace, his range of appeal is astonishing.

And what do we talk about between ballads? Well, there is politics; and there is, surprisingly enough, money, the business of making a living. One forgets that Carl had a roustabout youth of poverty, with a stint in the Spanish-American War, and was twenty before he entered college; thirty before he was married; and thirty-eight before his first minor book was published. It is hard today to remember how very poor was the son of a workman at the turn of the century with its twelve-hour days, twelve and a half cents an hour pay, and seven-day week; and the really superhuman effort required for such a youth even to think of going to college. The battle to rise and to win from the employer a more decent share of his profits for the workman was long and bitter, and bitterly resisted. Carl's early life was lived in the midst of such labor wars, and his poems are largely a record of the struggles and trials of the underprivileged.

Today Carl is, of course, in the Roosevelt stream, but in the old days his heroes were Debs and Darrow and Altgeld—they still are—and he will get off the train to meet some obscure editor of a railroad magazine whose sheet he subscribes for and whose views he shares. He is an authority on minor pamphlets and publications that linger on in the backwashes of print from the old Populist days. Though himself now by the popularity of his "Lincoln" comfortably well-off (in the boom days of 1929 he soaked away his royalties in government bonds), he still finds it hard to share his joys with the rich. And even when riding on one of the crack trains of the nation, he cannot forget the hard-bitten life of his immigrant father "keeping the road-bed" and eating dry bread and bologna, a bitter recollection of his youth here faintly disguised:

CHILD OF THE ROMANS

The dago shovelman sits by the railroad track
Eating a noon meal of bread and bologna.

A train whirls by, and men and women at tables
Alive with red roses and yellow jonquils,
Eat steaks running with brown gravy,
Strawberries and cream, éclairs and coffee.
The dago shovelman finishes the dry bread and bologna,
Washes it down with a dipper from the water-boy,
And goes back to the second half of a ten-hour day's work
Keeping the road-bed so the roses and jonquils
Shake hardly at all in the cut-glass vases
Standing slender on the tables in the dining-cars.

In the midst of his present affluence this guilt of opulence still disturbs him; and when Elmhurst grew from a modest to a wealthy suburb, though he could still afford to live there, he fled with his goats to Harbert and the Dunes of Lake Michigan, where in seclusion in a kind of chalet he avoided vulgar display as he labored over *The War Years.* The rigors of its winters, however, and the distaste of his goats for such a climate (in this, as in everything else, Carl and his goats are quite *en rapport*), have, as everyone knows, brought about the move to the milder ranch of North Carolina. It is a ranch, one gathers, selected quite as much for the goats as for the family of wife, three daughters, and two grandchildren. His daughter Helga, Carl is proud to note, is now president of the AMGRA—American Milk Goat Record Association. And if the reader is inclined to smile at this activity, let him know that it is a smile that betokens his own ignorance. Goats have, I learn from Carl, many virtues: intelligence, friendliness, frugality; and moreover they sustain the farm and pay a nice profit; so that if the worst came to the worst, the Sandburg family could be self-sustaining. The presidency of AMGRA is no lightly won position, in case you care to know.

And what of literature? Does a poet of such wide ranging interests talk of literature, that is, above and beyond the ballad stage? This is, of course, my field, and round the country Carl is friends with more teachers of literature even than of historians. And yet I am surprised to discover that I do not

remember much literary conversation. I am not sure, but I question his passion for Keats' *Odes.* I fear he would rate a "C" there. And he takes a dour look at Milton's Puritanism, and doesn't go much beyond that admittedly grim anachronism to listen to the golden trumpet of his music. I am afraid I should give him a charitable "D" on Milton. I have hesitated in trying to convert him—not having him in one of my classes. But I have sometimes wondered what kind of literature they taught at Lombard around the turn of the century to the ebullient war veteran and laborer of twenty-two. But then if Carl's unknown teachers could retort from the shades, they might well reply, "We produced a poet; not just a judge of poetry!" Touché! And besides, the roughness of his youth had made him more socially than aesthetically conscious by the time they got hold of him, and it had to be in the roaring life about him that he was to find beauty, rather than in the overtones of the more conventional classics. Shakespeare I assume he loves and calls his own; but I do not recall much conversation about him, or any quotation. But then, being an original, Carl is not much given to quotation.

Of his contemporaries Carl speaks more than of the remoter classics, though there, too, more biographically and politically than aesthetically. He speaks of them capaciously and without malice, unlike Frost who is full of little malicious anecdotes about the foibles of his contemporaries, and very amusing ones, too. And it is only of Frost that Carl speaks harshly. He fell out with Frost because of his lack of interest in doing anything about World War II. Frost, like many Yankees, took a dim view of That Man in the White House, and evidently wanted no part in his wars. This Sandburg found unforgivable, and said so in violent terms. There is a coolness between them. Thus I thought I detected an unusual malice in Carl's remark that though he had combed Frost's poems from end to end looking for a *singing* lyric, he had failed to find even one! Carl did not exhibit any real regret, I thought, at the failure of

his quest. Incidentally, the judgment is, I think, correct. Which is not to deny that Frost has many other virtues, of course.

Of Lindsay Carl talks some, and of Masters; but his personal judgments of them are not unusual, and the boom of Lindsay, and the cutting edge of the *Spoon River,* give him about the same reactions that they give the rest of us. He professes no secret information as the cue to their final disintegrations. I doubt that he reads either of them any more. Their fate and their work does not much excite him. Indeed the mystery of the inscrutable Lincoln baffles and entices much more of his speculation. He professes himself chagrined that he ever "fell for" the Ann Rutledge legend, and thinks now that he should have known that it was "out of character." Yet still, though in a different way, so were those letters offering to marry the florid Mary Owens, and *they,* though unquestionably authentic, seem just as much "out of character." On the whole it is Lincoln, not Masters or Lindsay or Frost, that has most meaning in his imagination. Not that this should surprise anyone. Keats liked Hazlitt much better than he did Shelley; and Wordsworth and Coleridge soon found their marriage of true minds intolerably burdensome. It is only in literary history that Keats and Shelley; Wordsworth and Coleridge; Sandburg and Masters and Lindsay look like soul mates.

This relative lack of specific poetical judgments in Carl is rather surprising, as he fancies himself as something of a critic; has even attempted lectures on the subject. But his poetic definitions, such as, "poetry is a synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits," have seemed to audiences a poorish substitute for Sandburg the ballad singer, or Sandburg the poet of Chicago and the Sunburnt West. Like many poets, Sandburg is an indifferent judge of his own poetry, and is as apt to read from his lesser as from his more enduring successes. It is a delicate art to suggest to him what he should read; one I confess I have

never attempted. I remember Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's sad experience. Let me add, however, that the University of Illinois has been very fortunate in Carl's performances.

Perhaps as much appreciated as his poems and ballads was his lecture during the recent war: "What Would Lincoln Do?" For just short of two hours he held his overflow audience entranced, I do not quite know how. If one thinks back one can't remember what he thought Lincoln *would* do that Roosevelt wasn't doing; but like Bryan's speeches, it was a stunning performance, with word hushes, and portentous grandeur hanging Hamlet-like over every sentence. I remember afterward I took him over to the radio station to let him hear himself in the recording, and he himself was astounded. "Did I say that? By God! That's good! I didn't know I had it in me. It must have been that wonderful audience of young people." And again, if the reader is apt to smile at such naïveté, let him try listening to some of his own recordings, and he will find, as I have, that they do assume a life of their own, and cause the author a quite impersonal pleasure or chagrin, as the case may be.

Carl's most recent visit of a week was in gratifying contrast with his first appearance in the early twenties. For some reason at that earlier visit he chose to be difficult. He refused, though he had already consented to the arrangement, to dine with the large group of ladies who were sponsoring him, and who had charged the guests a nice sum for the privilege. We hastily arranged, at his suggestion, a table for six at the Faculty Club. Then he relented, and consented just to appear at the banquet and greet the ladies. Once there, he liked them; and told them all with dubious diplomacy that but for our "dragging him off to the Club," he would have been charmed to dine with them. A remark, needless to say, that put those of us who were trying to look after him right behind the eight ball. I am sure that some of those ladies cherish their resentment of us even to this day, though quite unjustly.

This was bad enough, but more was to follow. We were late getting to the Club, and Carl was sulky. Didn't like the excellent dinner that was ready, insisting on only a large bowl of breakfast food. Conversation was desultory, and he snubbed Garreta Busey when she ventured some literary query as to the relative difficulty of writing prose and poetry. At 7:15, with the lecture forty-five minutes away, he went upstairs for a nap with injunctions to wake him in half an hour. I did so, finding him cozy in long red underwear. About eight he discovered that he had none of his books to read from. He doesn't remember his own poems as he does the ballads. I made a dash home for my copies, and at eight-thirty he began the eight o'clock reading and song fest, and quite charmed everybody; and at Stuart Sherman's afterwards at a faculty smoker he was exciting and delightful.

Frost, too, has a story of Carl's delaying to come downstairs to a steak he was cooking for him for one whole hour. "Ha! Fooled you didn't I?" "Fooled me; you damned fool! the steak is ruined." But what was he doing? one of us asked. "Oh," said Frost, "combing his hair." "Trying to make that lock stay back?" someone suggested. "NO!" said Frost, "trying to make it stay down over his eye! He *likes* it that way!" How Frost *knew* what Carl was doing, he didn't say. At any rate in his early days Carl seems sometimes to have vied with Amy Lowell in putting on a show.

Of late years he is much more reliable, and his latest visit, with nothing but his lecture "arranged" beforehand, was quite delightful. He declined, after one night, to stay in the Student Union. "Like a bathroom. No books; no pictures; no music; and those girls' hard heels outside the door." So he moved to my more humane bachelor residence, where he could talk till five of the morning and sleep till noon without ambulatory noises. There was his reading, a huge success, stimulated by the presence of his sister Esther from Gibson City; and a large gathering and song fest afterwards at the Presi-

dent's House, till three of the morning. I still remember the blonde silhouette of his smiling sister as she leaned over his chair as he sang, enjoying her brother's fame and music. And next day, when he was driven over for a brief visit with her, she had a surprise for him: a series of four large portfolios, full of forty years of clippings, poems, pictures, and articles about Carl, which she had been collecting all those years, a mine of Sandburgiana. Carl was overwhelmed at so genuine a tribute. She had never before mentioned doing it.

On his return Carl, the Randalls, and I spent a couple of evenings copying out for the *Collected Poems* some things he had forgotten he had written back in the old Lombard days at Galesburg. I was amazed to discover there the long struggle he had had in "arriving." He was pushing forty when he "stole the time from the boss of *System Magazine,*" a publication he hated, to write the *Chicago* poem that was to make him famous. It is a theft he still rejoices in; no doubt the old socialist bias that "it ain't no sin to rob the rich." And I still marvel with Carl at the love and confidence of a sister who through all those dark years never lost faith in his greatness, but kept right on collecting his idle random trials and errors. Then, as a fine gesture to the University where Carl feels most at home, he and his sister turned the volumes over to our library as a start on the Lincoln-Sandburg room we hope one day to build.

No one can be more aware than I that I have come quite short in this paper of plucking out the heart of his mystery, or even of shadowing forth that Sandburg the world has come to love and to honor. There are many ways in which he is remarkable. Let me try here at the last to indicate a few. He is, for instance, an enormous worker and an untiring traveler on trains, a real trouper who never gets tired. Yet he is never in a hurry, but gives the impression of careless ease, in his walk, in his slow measured cadences of speech, in the unhurried timing of his pauses. Like a great pianist, there is infinite space

between each note no matter how fast he plays. His speech, indeed, is a kind of singing; quite indescribable, with its strong and seemingly accidental stresses on odd syllables. In anyone else it would be an unbearable affectation; but to him as natural as the singing ecstasies of James Stevens and his lilting Irish gaiety. And it has the advantage of slowing down a syncopated world to a pace where it can and does hear his eternal harmonies; like that three-minute *Ave atque Vale* of Justice Holmes to all America over the radio on his ninetieth birthday. There is depth to it, and richness, and overtones. But this is only part of his talk. There is his laughter, genial, radiant, all inclusive; laughter both *with* and *at,* but never mordant, never lacking in kin-making touches; always, somehow, gentle, even at its most boisterous moments. To hear it is inescapably to share it.

How does Carl keep it up, at seventy-four? What makes him tick? Going endlessly up and down America, singing his songs, reading his poems, gathering his folklore, taking a flyer on his first novel—of a thousand pages—at seventy, and with ten or a dozen books in mind right now, some of them half finished, keeping a sharp eye on the latest Lincoln discoveries; where does he get the immortal fire that makes him still delight like a young man to run a race? Well, I have been spying on him, and I have a theory. That episode of his sister and the portfolios is to me very revealing. And the night he sold his Elmhurst place he happened to be at my house in Urbana while Mrs. Sandburg—whom I have never met—was in Elmhurst signing the papers, and I could not but hear their telephone conversation. I hope Carl will forgive me, but it was gentle, and excited, tipped with love's fires; as though they had just discovered each other. Personally I think his women "look after him." Every day he is God in this Scandinavian Valhalla, free to come and to go; free to work and to be fed when he is ready; free to love and to be loved. And if half the year he is off and gone about America's business, still "down on

the farm all prospers well," and there are no recriminations. And I am the more convinced of this my theory by the way the wives of his friends "look after him"; Mrs. Oliver Barrett arranges things for his pleasure and convenience; Ruth Randall and Mrs. George Stoddard cancel all other engagements. And if all he wants to do is work, quiet is what he gets. In fact, Carl is no longer a guest anywhere. He just walks in and belongs. You have to know him to believe it. And is he himself aware of the unusualness of these amenities? Not, I think, at all. But he is quite aware of what is happening in your private life, and most gentle and considerate in sharing all your sorrows and joys. If he belongs, so do you. It is a fair enough exchange.

It was in the spring a year ago after a dinner at the Stoddards', his last evening in Urbana, and he was being driven in the President's car to the University Club in Chicago, it being the only way to get him to his next engagement. It was a bit chilly, and as we piled the robes around him, he remarked as he left, that he had never felt so much like a Royal Prince. It *was* rather gala. I remember contrasting his earliest appearance with this latest one, and remarking how much sweeter he had grown with the years. "Oh," said he, "now I don't have to do it. I only go where it pleases me; give few readings, and those only for fun. You may not know it, but up at Harbert while I was writing the *War Years* I always took time out to listen to Metcalf's lectures on entomology over WILL just to keep in touch. You see I love you here. Here of all places I feel most at home. It's the Lincoln country; and here, I guess, I just sorta belong."

The suspicion that Carl might say that, or something very similar to it in every state in the Union doesn't make us doubt his meaning it any the less. For you see in every state in the Union it would be true.

THE ELOQUENT DRUMSTICK

By DAVID V. FELTS

SEVERAL times I have heard Carl Sandburg sing and recite to the accompaniment he played on his guitar, but I cherish most an evening when I listened at fairly close range while the poet and biographer talked informally, emphasizing his remarks by waving a fried chicken drumstick.

Carl Sandburg had come down to Decatur for an appearance at James Millikin University and had brought with him from Chicago his friend Ralph Newman, of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop. After Sandburg had given his program at the university he was spirited away to the home of John Valentine, Decatur businessman and bibliophile who was associated with Newman for a time in Chicago and now has his own bookshop in Glendale, California.

Before his Millikin recital, Sandburg had eaten sparingly —milk and fruit salad. But after the program he sat down to a platter of fried chicken and the appropriate side dishes and tumblers.

The poet did all the eating and most of the talking. He enjoyed the fried chicken almost as much as the privileged guests enjoyed the practically unilateral conversation. Toscanini's baton could be no more eloquent than Sandburg's chicken drumstick.

David V. Felts is a syndicated columnist and editor of the editorial page of the Decatur (*Illinois*) Herald.

FRIENDS ON THE *POST-DISPATCH*

By IRVING DILLIARD

A FRIEND'S affection for Carl Sandburg is so great that it is hard to resist the temptation to tell all the good and interesting, the funny and lasting things you know about him. Particularly does this temptation come to a former trustee of the Illinois State Historical Library, whose board mates were the late Lloyd Lewis and Oliver Rogers Barrett in the days when Paul M. Angle was Illinois State Historian and secretary-treasurer of the Illinois State Historical Society.

For in those days Carl was a kind of ex-officio trustee, personally if not legally. His visits with us are jolly, golden memories for me and somehow they are for Oliver and Lloyd, too, I suspect. Even so I limit my report to Carl's connections with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* staff and the late Bart B. Howard, our Pulitzer Prize editorial writer, since it is a relationship about which perhaps only I can write now.

Carl has never worked for the *Post-Dispatch* that I know of, but over the years he has visited us from time to time and I think it fair to say that visitor and visited have drawn mutual cheer from those occasions. Indeed, so far as I know, Carl and Bart Howard never met. They had, however, the warmest regard for each other as men and as practitioners of the literary craft. And in the sense that counts, it can be said that they were the firmest of friends via the printed page.

Irving Dilliard is editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and a past president of the Illinois State Historical Society. He lives in Collinsville, Illinois, in a house built by Dr. Henry Wing just a hundred years ago.*

Bart Howard was born in the Berkshires in 1871. He attended Williams and Union colleges, played southpaw second base in professional as well as school baseball, and was a reporter and special writer in Schenectady, Joplin, Columbus and Oklahoma City before settling in St. Louis. He was ill through much of 1940, the year his editorial writing was recognized with a Pulitzer Prize. In early 1941 he got to the *Post-Dispatch* office only part time and as a consequence spent many hours among his books at home.

One of the old friends he turned to was a well-handled, blue-black copy of *The Prairie Years.* Out of it came an editorial written, as I remember, on what must have been his last trip to the editorial-page room, certainly one of the last two or three visits. Printed February 5, 1941, under the heading, "The Trib's Latest Death Sentence," it read as follows:

> *The Chicago Tribune* has read Wendell Willkie out of the Republican Party, and the ex-communicant, as a student and teacher of American history, is aware, of course, that he is not the first of the faith to be banished into outer darkness by that austere arbiter. Reading Republicans out of the party might be recorded as an Old *Tribune* custom.
>
> Joseph Medill's paper was in its early teens, and Abraham Lincoln was still a President-elect, when the *Tribune* pronounced its original sentence of party death. The offender was Congressman William Kellogg of Canton, Ill., the year was 1861, the month was February. Carl Sandburg tells it briefly in *The Prairie Years.*
>
> Kellogg had introduced a resolution in the House "to amend the Constitution so that slaves could be taken into any territory south of 36-30 from any state where slavery then lawfully existed." With a roar of rage, the *Tribune* denounced the proposal as adding "the crime of swindling to that of compromising with traitors," and ostracised the author, one of Lincoln's closest personal friends, and trusted political advisers.
>
> Eighty years ago. Life then soared on a redder wing. Time has mellowed manners. The now sophisticated *Tribune* dismisses Willkie with gay insouciance. But its banter is a veneer. Underneath its facetiousness is a stormy soul, furious at this chap Willkie's duplicity.

Carl enjoyed a hearty laugh when Bart's twitting bit of journalistic history reached the Sandburg home by mail. He urged me to escort Bart to Springfield on February 12 for the

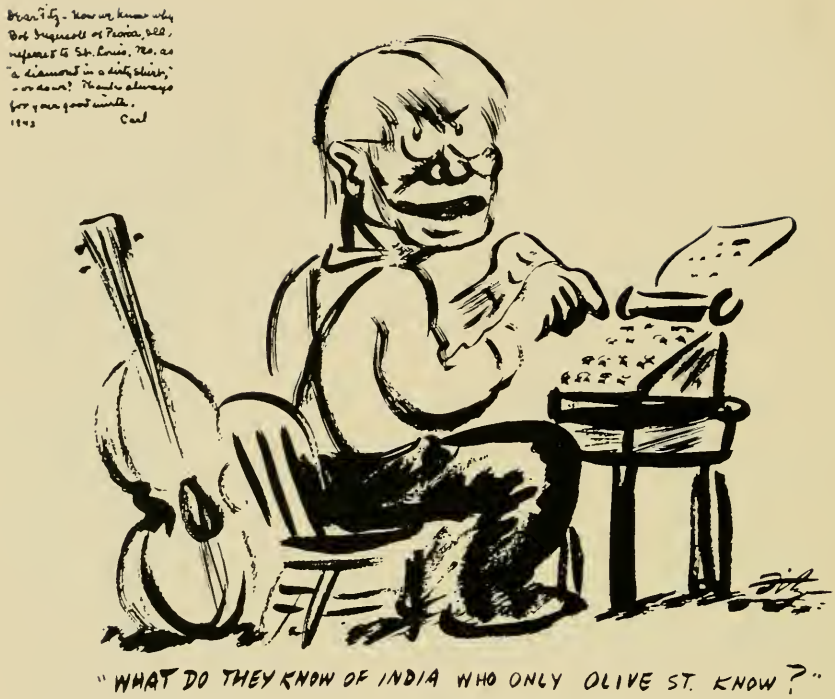
official presentation and acceptance at the Illinois State Historical Library of the great collection of Lincoln books and pamphlets of the late Governor Henry Horner.

The fact was that I had already invited Bart and for a couple of weeks he had looked with at least some hope to the foregathering in the long Lincoln shadow. But as the ceremony date drew on, Bart knew that he could not make a trip of a hundred miles from St. Louis. He asked me to carry his thanks as well as his greetings to Carl, Oliver, Lloyd and the others who would be there.

Although Bart could not go, I did not attend without others from the ranks of Carl's friends at the *Post-Dispatch.* Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, our celebrated cartoonist, had long admired Carl, and Carl in turn had long admired Fitz for his originality, daring and humor, his courage and his impact. Arthur Witman, one of our best photographers, went to do an essay in pictures. That day, while we all were in Springfield, Bart had a heart attack in his apartment and died. A check of the exact time might have showed that it was just as Carl was speaking about Lincoln and Governor Horner and their books and their meaning for the people of the cornland prairie.

Two years later Carl came to St. Louis to read the words to *A Lincoln Portrait* by Aaron Copland at a concert of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra with Andre Kostelanetz as its guest conductor. He visited us at the *Post-Dispatch* and it was while he was in the office, at work on a borrowed typewriter, that Fitz drew the classic of Carl, "What Do They Know of India, Who Only Olive Street Know?" (Olive Street is in St. Louis and the *Post-Dispatch* is at one of its intersections.)

Carl spoke of Bart and so I took him to the Bart Howard Memorial Collection of books at the St. Louis Public Library, proudly presided over by Miss Margery Doud, chief of the



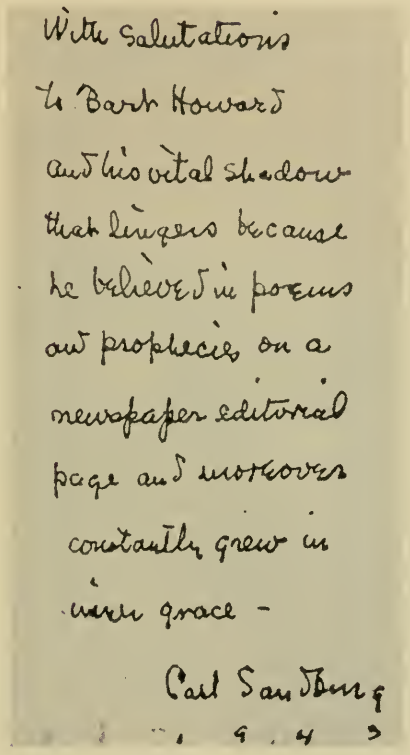
DANIEL R. FITZPATRICK'S CARTOON OF SANDBURG.

library's readers' advisory service, who had so often served Bart Howard's library wants.

There, in a special case, was a collection of many scores of books that Bart had relished and written about over the years, from Thucydides by way of Shakespeare and Madison and Lloyd Lewis and James O'Donnell Bennett to Ring Lardner. It was gathered by Bart's fellow workers on the *Post-Dispatch* as a tribute to their colleague and friend to show the range of his taste in literature.

Carl looked along the shelves. His sharp eyes, under overhanging locks of silver hair, seemed sure they would find it. Quickly he saw the two-volume edition of *The Prairie Years*. Without saying anything he took down Volume I and

opened to the flyleaf. Then, in his slow, decisive way, he wrote these words:


With salutations
to Bart Howard
and his vital shadow
that lingers because
he believed in poems
and prophecies on a
newspaper editorial
page and moreover
constantly grew in
inner grace -
Carl Sandburg

A personal word may be excused here at the end since it is the sort of thing I would have showed to Bart before sending to Carl. When Carl's *Complete Poems* came out in 1950, I read among scores of others his poem, "Corn Hut Talk." On page 257 I found this command:

> Send me
> a sumach leaf from an Illinois hill.

That Sunday afternoon, as I drove my family from Collinsville, Illinois, where I live, to O'Fallon, along the winter-bound back road, I came to the farmhouse where Carl had visited one of his daughters several years earlier. At that

farmhouse he had sat out by the woodpile and looked up at the stars above the barn.

There, at the road bank, was a clump of sumach and as always with sturdy sumach in winter some of the leaves were still on the branches. I waded to the thicket, and selected a leaf that had retained much of its red. That evening I sent that leaf to Carl, from an Illinois hill, a December snow-covered Illinois hill—and from Bart Howard.

THE LINCOLN AUTHOR AT WORK

Carl Sandburg prefers to work surrounded by a seeming clutter of notes and clippings and with his typewriter mounted on an orange crate as he is shown here in his study at Connemara Farm, Flat Rock, North Carolina.

SANDBURG AS HISTORIAN

By ALLAN NEVINS

WHEN Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years,* that Gargantuan work of four stout volumes and two thousand five hundred pages, appeared in 1939, thirteen years had elapsed since the publication of his two-volume study of the prairie rail-splitter, storekeeper, lawyer, Congressman, debater, and Presidential candidate. Vague reports had stolen to the world of the task in progress at Harbert, Michigan—of the attic workroom, the shelves of books, the growing hillocks of notes and excerpts, the copyists tap-tapping downstairs, the biographer himself ceaselessly toiling through long spring and summer days at his cracker-box typewriter. Everyone who knew of Sandburg's rich, if unconventional, equipment for his task—his poetic insights, his mastery of human nature, his power of selecting the vital human details from a mass of arid facts, his command of phrase and imagery, and above all his feeling for the mingled humor, pathos, shoddiness, and grandeur of democracy—expected a remarkable work. To history he brought just the faculty that the *London Spectator* had detected in Lincoln himself, "a mind at once singularly representative and singularly personal." No one, however, was prepared for the particular kind of masterwork that he laid before the country.

A book homely but beautiful, learned but simple, exhaustively detailed but panoramic, it occupied a niche all its own, unlike any other biography or history in the language.

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Its theme was the folk-hero of a great and terrible folk war; and its primary merit was that, with a subtle art masked by apparent artlessness, it rendered a convincing picture both of the Lincoln who belonged to the people, and of the people who belonged to Lincoln. In its pages Lincoln always held the center of the crowded stage, and yet the stage was always alive, moving, bright with color, and full of drama. Here were the gallant figures—Elmer Ellsworth, Edward Baker, Theodore Winthrop, all cut off so untimely by war; the strutters—Winfield Scott, "almost a parade by himself," John Pope, whose boasts turned to whines, Frémont, Ben Butler; the eccentric great—Stanton and his wild temper, Chase and his sleepless ambition, Sumner and his monumental vanity; the truly illustrious captains—Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Farragut; the figures of controversy—McClellan the cautious, Burnside the muddleheaded, Hooker the dissipated, Meade the tardy; the keen-eyed observers—Noah Brooks of the *Sacramento Union,* Orville Browning of a sharpsighted diary, Carpenter the watchful painter. Here above all was the multitude of plain people, who shook the President's hand at receptions, wrote him letters, and spent and fought for his cause. "Remember, Dick," Lincoln told Richard Oglesby, "to keep close to the people—they are always right and will mislead no one." In Sandburg's book he was shown always close to the people.

The greatness of Sandburg's achievement was instantly recognized. "When specialists have finished scraping, refining, dissenting, and adding," wrote Charles A. Beard, "I suspect that Mr. Sandburg's work will remain for long years to come a noble monument of American literature." The late Lloyd Lewis pierced in one sentence to the central merit of the biography. "A great American democrat has come at last to his most sympathetic, and, at the same time, his most searchingly detailed portrait at the hands of another great American democrat." A mighty summation, wrote Robert E. Sherwood.

"It is so great a work that it will require great reading and great reflection before any true appreciation of its permanent value can be formed." Appearing just as the world plunged into its most terrible war, this study of our own bloodiest ordeal and our triumphant emergence was a stay to the spirits of countless readers from Pearl Harbor to Hiroshima.

Yet now that we have a dozen years' perspective on *The War Years,* and now that many of us have frequently re-read parts or all of it, our verdict upon the four volumes must be slightly different from that first given. All the initial critics were awed by the mass of detail in these million and a half words. "An indefatigable thoroughness characterizes his preparations and his pages," wrote Beard. Another critic spoke of Niagara. Still another wrote: "The technique is that of an attack in force; Sandburg masses his facts in regiments, marches them in and takes the field." Most of the early reviewers commented on the lack of system in the work. Compared with the formal, schematic organization of Nicolay and Hay, for example, it seemed at first glance disorderly. We can now see, I think, that a vigorous selective talent had been exercised upon the multitudinous facts, anecdotes, conversations, reports, documents, and other materials; that those chosen were relevant to a few central ideas. As Sandburg put it, "the teller does the best he can and picks out what to him is plain, moving, and important." We can also see that while seemingly unsystematic, the tremendous narrative (for it is all narrative) really has a careful underlying plan. It is a presentation of all that touched Lincoln immediately or remotely 1861-1865, set down chiefly as he saw or heard of it, and so arranged as to depict these years with the greatest possible verisimilitude. As the times were confused, a proper portraiture of the times has to contain confusion.

To Lincoln and the Northern people, the disorder, military, political, and social, must at times have seemed overwhelming. In that most poignant chapter entitled "Deep

Shadows—Lincoln in Early '63," for example, the mass of detail mirrors the agonized jumble of the era all the better because we find commingled in it the abusive writings of Copperhead editors, the wartime activities of Frederick Douglass, the extravagance of New York parvenues, minstrel hall jokes, the story of arbitrary arrests, vignettes of Lincoln receiving Joseph Medill and helping a beggar, and a sketch of Washington as Walt Whitman saw it. A lack of sequence?—well, life lacks sequence. On a first reading the work seems to contain excursions and irrelevances that might be omitted; on a fifth reading we decide that nothing could be left out, for everything contributes to a realistic impression of the era. There is a place for Count Gurowski's bad manners and Tom Thumb's appearance in the White House no less than for Chase's resignation and the Gettysburg Address. In short, the book really has an interpretive principle which gives system to its rich promiscuity; and this principle is rooted in the vision of the poet.

We can see now, too, that Sandburg was happy in the moment when he took up his pen. Interest in Lincoln and the Civil War, far from being exhausted, was just rising in a new floodtide which is yet far from spent. At long last nearly all the material that was needed for a true picture of the era and its central hero was available. Forty years earlier, Ida Tarbell had opened a new era in the study of Lincoln by her realistic collection of materials on every side of the man, his weaknesses no less than his virtues, and by her thorough search for local and personal materials. Since that time a steady stream of histories, biographies, special studies, and memoirs had poured forth. The invaluable diary of Gideon Welles became available in 1911; the letters and diary of John Hay were revealed in part in 1908, in part in 1938; the two volumes of Orville H. Browning's diary were published in 1927 and 1933; and the diary of Edward Bates in 1930. The publication of Gilbert A. Tracy's *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln*

took place in 1917 and that of Paul M. Angle's *New Letters and Papers of Lincoln* in 1930. Lives of lesser political figures, books on battles and military leaders, monographs on home politics and foreign affairs, had appeared in steady profusion from 1905 to 1935. So encyclopedic and sure a treatment as Sandburg gave us would not have been possible at an earlier date.

The most distinctive qualities of the Sandburg work are three: first, its pictorial vividness, a product of his graphic style, love of concrete detail, and ability to recreate scenes imaginatively in a few sentences; second, its human quality—its feeling for men and women, great and small, with all their frailties and heroisms; and third, the cumulative force of its detail in building up, step by step, an impression of the crowded, discordant times, with problems rising in endless welter—and, by the same means, an impression of Lincoln learning to endure the storm, patiently developing his powers,

"There's a gentleman here with a biography of Carl Sandburg."
(*Cartoon by Cissie Liebschutz, from the* Chicago Tribune, Magazine of Books, *December 2, 1951.*)

and finally mastering all the adverse forces. These are the qualities of a great historian who is also a finished artist. In Beveridge's two volumes on the early career of Lincoln we had the enormous accumulation of detail—but his biography wanted vividness. Beveridge wrote a most instructive and satisfying book, which in its presentation of Lincoln the politician was almost revolutionary. It lacked, however, the engrossing gift for phrase and epithet shown by Sandburg on every page; the gift that hits off Greeley "with fishy eye and natural falsetto," that tells how guerrilla warfare in Tennessee "snarled and whanged," that puts Whitman's portrait in a phrase—"undersized, with graying whiskers, Quaker-blooded, soft-hearted, sentimental, a little crazy." And in no other American biography do we have the sympathy for humanity washed and unwashed that Sandburg constantly exhibits.

It is from the cumulative quality of the detail that readers get their comprehension of the intricate difficulties of the era, and of Lincoln's maturing greatness in wrestling with them. The book indulges in none of that hero-worship which so marred Nicolay and Hay's ten-volume panegyric. It frankly discloses Lincoln's want of organizing power, his uncouthness, his frequent mistakes of judgment, his bewilderment, his self-mistrust ("I sometimes think I am just an old fool," he told his son), his indecisions, his fits of gloom. But it also shows how steadfastly he strove against the problems that bethorned and quagmired his path, and which harried him to the melancholy verge of despair. It reveals the true magnitude of his labors from Sumter to Appomattox.

Out of Sandburg's 2,500 pages rises the picture of a people and a ruler caught in a terrible dilemma. Lincoln's central problem was that he had to captain a peace-loving democracy, its governmental machinery and political system totally unadapted to war purposes, in the most stubborn and costly conflict the world had known since Napoleon. Any terrible and prolonged war, if waged with real efficiency, demands an

approach to a dictatorship. But neither Lincoln's soul, nor the nature of the republic, nor the temper of the American people, permitted a quasi-dictatorship; and, to carry the North to victory, a constant process of agonizing adjustment had to be made in every field. The country in 1861 was quite unorganized; by 1865 it was fully organized in some areas and half organized in others. But what a struggle to achieve that change, which laid the foundations of modern America! A leader less sagacious, less cautious, less gifted with the power to mold opinion and forge a national will that finally became like tempered steel would have involved himself and his country in disaster. "He is the best of us all," Seward wrote his wife—and Sandburg's pages explain just why.

What a chaos it was this Illinois lawyer was called upon to ride! The army had to be built from nothing, and was always half crippled by State meddling, the jealousies of rival generals, party spirit, and general aversion to discipline. Washington was full of quarreling cabals and power-hungry politicians with lobbies at their backs. Lincoln had in his own Secretary of the Treasury an endlessly intriguing rival for the Presidency. He shortly found Congress controlled by a body of heedless radicals who attacked him foully, lost few opportunities to thwart him, and dabbled with amateur cocksureness in the conduct of the war. Half the North was as hotly for emancipation as the border states were dourly against it. In many state capitals governors and legislators were either showing excessive zeal, or using their authority to obstruct and humiliate him. The Abolitionists at one extreme and the Copperheads at the other filled the air with reproaches, slanders, and demands that he do everything but what he was doing.

The mid-term elections of 1862 went against him. A party of defeatists arose, and with Greeley at its head demanded a truce that would be equivalent to surrender. The Cabinet broke into openly antagonistic factions, Seward glowering at Chase, and Montgomery Blair at swords' points with

Stanton. General after general went down in defeat. When, after Fredericksburg, the people sickened over defeat and the horrible casualty lists, the leaders of the Senate demanded that the Cabinet be instantly remade with men whom they could control. Financial problems, foreign problems, and the Negro problem at times took on a complexity which made each seem absolutely insoluble. A great section of the press was licentiously defamatory, and recked little whether it gave the enemy military information of high value or not. The country adopted conscription with such muddled legislation (against which Lincoln wished to protest sharply, but dared not) that a wave of rioting swept the North. It began the war with no medical service worth the name; its initial handling of contracts could hardly have been worse if devised by Jefferson Davis; its financial expedients worked with creaking unfairness, so that while greenbacks fell and prices rose, the rich man's bank account grew fat and the workingman's loaf became lean. At some moments government of the people, by the people, for the people, must have seemed even to Lincoln a hopeless mess of selfishness, corruption, and quarrelsome inefficiency.

As history, we knew all this in general terms before Sandburg wrote; much of it is in Rhodes and Schouler. But it took Sandburg's mass of details, drawn from ten thousand sources, condensed, classified, and selected with an eye to the reproduction of all American life, to bring out the bewildering disorganization of the time, the soul-chilling uncertainty, and the searing agonies. In these 2,500 pages, a distillation from a whole library, we have perhaps the best picture of a people in racked travail yet written by any pen. All facets of the popular temper are caught for us. The picture is not sombre—the people had too much vitality and exaltation for that; it is not bright—they had too much hardship and grief for *that;* it has the variegated tints of life itself. We see a people greedy and heroic, determined and slack, with plenty to weep over but with an unquenchable tendency to gossip, jest, and laugh.

Sandburg's stage, with its thousands of defined faces, its endless incidents, its shifts of joy and sorrow, ease and strain, triumph and defeat, has a liveliness which we can match only in imaginative literature; it is the vitality of Whitman's catalogue poems, of Dickens and Balzac, almost of Shakespeare's world. Crowded streets, busy exchanges, smoking camps, roaring political conventions, the sobbing of women, the fever of speculators, the whispers of political plotters, the tramp of armies—all are here. In the end, the people proved dauntless.

But it is after all more biography than history; in this it differs from much of Beveridge and Freeman. The central figure is never lost to sight, as he frequently was in Nicolay and Hay. In essentials it is the familiar portrait that Sandburg redraws, the Lincoln of Carl Schurz, Miss Tarbell, and Lord Charnwood. But the eye is kindled to lustre, the features are quickened into a speaking image, the man is made to walk, gesture, and grow. Sandburg's biographical methods—the methods of an immense accretion of personal glimpses, stories, quoted speeches, revealing incidents, recorded acts—might not fit many great personages; it could hardly be applied to a reserved man, and would not do justice to a highly complicated and subtle person. But it does fit the genius and character of Lincoln, and is appropriate to the vast materials at hand. These materials are more abundant than if a Boswell had constantly followed Lincoln in the White House parlors and offices throughout his term. An endless array of keen-sighted men, pouring through his office, scrutinizing him whenever he went to camp or conference, treasured in their memories what he did and said; at first or second hand these memories went on paper; and we now possess an impression of Lincoln for almost every day of his administration. Sandburg's narrative is naturally less even and consistent than Boswell's, but it is almost as intimate, and is richer, more varied, and more multifariously interesting.

And who is this Lincoln as he emerges from the 2,500

pages? Basically the familiar Lincoln, as we have said; the Lincoln swift to spare and slow to smite, the Lincoln whom Stanton called the greatest leader of men ever born, the Lincoln whose noblest words are now a possession of all mankind. No striking changes of estimate occur here, such as Beveridge gave us in treating the younger Lincoln. But the biography is full of novel insights. Sandburg relishes the homely side of Lincoln, the rough-hewn Illinois speech. "Well, I have got that job husked out," he said after finishing a batch of papers; "chew and choke as much as possible," he telegraphed Grant when the armies were at grips. Sandburg sees the significance of the fact that Lincoln tipped his hat to officers, but doffed it to privates, and that at a White House reception he broke from the line to talk with bashful soldiers. He makes it plain that the gentle Lincoln could get very angry indeed; that on due provocation he could even swear. He dwells with real perception, too, on a fundamental perplexity of the war which sometimes baffled Lincoln:

> Nailed with facts of inevitable fate was his leadership. The gesture of stretching forth his hand and bestowing freedom on chattel slaves while attempting to enforce his will by the violence of the armies subjugating the masters of the slaves on their home soil, the act of trying to hold a just balance between the opposed currents of freedom and authority, raised up a riddle that gnawed in his thoughts.

It was sometimes impossible to walk the narrow line between liberty and coercion without deviation, to reconcile high and humane intentions with weapons of brutal power.

The final impression emphasizes three characteristics of Lincoln which sometimes clashed and jangled, sometimes interacted harmoniously: his magnanimity; his shrewdness or realism; and his attachment to compromise. Men who have Lincoln's generosity of spirit are rare, and men who can combine it with his hardheaded practical sagacity are rarer still. The diarist George Templeton Strong records the remark of his father-in-law S. B. Ruggles that one trifling consolation for

Lincoln's assassination was that he could not pardon his murderer! But story after story, episode after episode, in Sandburg's book shows that while Lincoln was magnanimous indeed, he was also keen-witted and farsighted—quick to pierce to the motives of selfish men, expert in checking scoundrels, and sharp in his comprehension that what might appear the most generous course (an early emancipation of the slaves, for example) would sometimes really be damaging and ungenerous. The whole study of Lincoln's personality gains momentum, as the leader himself did. By the middle of the war he was expert, confident, and without arrogance convinced, as Donn Piatt observed, "of his own superiority" to his administration helpers; and by the middle of this book the reader quite appreciates his greatness.

Lincoln began his national sway with a rejection of the Crittenden Compromise, a step inevitable unless he repudiated all his party stood for. Thereafter, however, from beginning to end, he showed a dislike for fanatical extremes of opinion and a preference for the middle path which was in the great Anglo-Saxon tradition of government. In party affairs, he was almost midway between the radical Republicans like Wade and Stevens, and the ultra-conservatives like Henry J. Raymond. In his management of the government he was denounced with equal bitterness by Wendell Phillips the Abolitionist and Vallandigham the Copperhead. His initial object in the war was moderate, to restore the Union; and he enlarged the objects of the war to cover emancipation only with reluctance and misgiving, though with a strong sense of the beneficence of the step. In facing the consequences of the war he shrank from the revolutionary changes that seemed certain to engulf the South and likely to transform the North. He wished the alterations which sprang from the conflict, whether political or social, to be gradual and moderate.

"The tale is not idle," wrote Sandburg in the preface to his condensed "profile" of the Civil War, *Storm Over the*

Land, taken mainly from *The War Years.* He added that in another stormy era readers might perhaps "find shapes of great companions out of the past and possibly touches of instruction not to be used like broken eggs beyond mending." These words hold true of his four-volume work, which is likely to endure as long as his poetry. He will long be adjudged to have written one of the best of our biographies—and something more. For it is not merely a biography; it is a magnificent piece of history, a vital narrative of one of the most critical periods of the nation's life, and an epic story which for decades will hearten all believers in the virtues of democracy and the high potentialities of democratic leadership.

Photo by Edward Steichen

THE SANDBURGS—CARL AND LILIAN

A REPORTER, YES

By RICHARD J. FINNEGAN

HIS WORK on *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* was less than half done. Alternately he was writing and researching. It was the early-to-middle thirties.

Carl would come over to Chicago from the Sandburg home in Harbert, Michigan, to root in Oliver Barrett's stuff on Lincoln. Often Oliver would walk him over to meetings of the Skeeters, a Saturday lunching outfit with a room in the Hotel LaSalle. Its sessions were always pleasant, generally vigorous, with slings and stings, but much too long for anyone who had to break away and get back to newspaper deadlines.

The depression was on and getting worse. The Skeeters blustered around in its problems. There were doctors and lawyers, merchants and bankers, a priest and a rabbi, judges, artists, and writers. Somebody had read in an editorial that the millions out of work across the land—or most of them—just didn't want to work. They were a new leisure class. Suddenly Carl Sandburg let out a series of those great braying hee-haws of his.

"Ten million bums!" he roared. "Yes, they're just ten million good for nothing lazy bums." Then we had some more from Carl on the subject. He gave case histories. The fellow he met in Duluth. The guy coming out of Roswell, New Mexico, on a day coach. The Connecticut Yankee family, husband and wife and two teen-age daughters—all the women

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posing as men—to whom he gave the two sandwiches from the oilcloth bag he carried on his travels for the garnering of interesting newspaper clippings and other odds and ends of information.

Carl had been bumping into the people—on the breadlines, on the roads, on the town. And now, as a reporter, he was reporting. Yes, Carl's a poet and a historian. Yes, he's a philosopher. Yes, he plays at the guitar and tries his best at singing—those old ballads and cowboy songs. But first he's a reporter. A reporter, yes.

His Lincoln is reporting. He was right at Lincoln's heels, up and down and across the prairies. His *War Years* is reporting. And so is *Remembrance Rock.*

As a reporter he has a bedside manner. One morning we heard some hollering in the hall. I opened the bedroom door a crack and heard a falsetto "Mr. Editor, oh, Mr. E-d-i-t-o-r!" It was a little before 7:00 A. M. Across the hall, standing in the doorway of the room where he had slept, stood Carl Sandburg clothed in a long nightgown. He liked the way his alarm had worked. With proper pantomime he said, "Here's your goat's milk. I had it out on the window sill all night." It was a treasure long promised. He turned it over as though he had had delivery experience with Borden's or Bowman's. "It's from one of Mrs. Sandburg's latest prizes," he went on. "I know you and the little missus will like it—and Dovie, too."

His big bare feet took him back across the threshold, his door was closed and there was silence until long after the normal breakfast hour.

The goat's milk had gone down to Dovie in the kitchen. It was a tee-off topic for their first conversation when Carl appeared in the breakfast room for brunch. Dovie had had contact with ancestors who had been in slavery. She came from near Birmingham. And she knew all about goats. By the time his stirring the fourth cup of coffee had produced the effect of a liquid phonograph record in his large cup, Carl had

Dovie's story from her girlhood to her grandmother days. Dovie's blood ambition had been to have her own home. She couldn't write it and she couldn't define it, but she felt what security was. Now she was just a few hundred dollars from owning it. And that was good. There were eight rooms and a basement.

Her son, a skilled workman with a high-school education, had to move in with his wife and family. Dovie had roomers, too, but they weren't paying just now. But they would when they could. Everybody was out of a job except Dovie. But she and Carl agreed that this was a great country and going to be greater for people willing to work when there was work to get. After all his questions, she knew she was important to that country, to that family, to those roomers and to Carl Sandburg, still stirring what remained of the fourth cup of coffee and looking as though he was getting ready for the fifth.

Why could she say so much to this man, she who normally was so backward and almost mute? She was full of questions and instinctively felt he was full of answers. Big people she heard on the radio fascinated her—big people who were talking about the things that touched her security, big people who might do something to get her family and her roomers back to work. But he never said much about the great people he had met. He just told her about people whom he had met who were like herself and her son and her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren and her roomers.

And the next time he sat down to a Dovie brunch they joined in a warm handshake. Look, his rheumatism was gone!

"Did you use that body rub I told—?" Dovie asked.

"Surest thing you know," said Carl. "See! I can reach my arms up—way up! No pain at all! Wonderful, Dovie, wonderful."

"Didn't I tell you!" came motherly pride and joy.

With Mary, Carl got his big ears filled by his big shoe

routine. Mary was about five then. It was the first time they had met. We were taking Carl to the train. Carl was about the largest man Mary had ever seen. She sat in the back seat with her grandmother and just stared at him. This was the wonderful man Dovie had talked to her about. At the bend of Sheridan Road near Mundelein College where you get quite near the lake, Carl took Mary on. He turned to her and in almost a whisper asked: "Did your grandfather ever tell you about the way he walks on the lake in his big shoes?" Mary's "no, sir" was full of anticipation. The Rootabaga man moved in fast and established a contact that brought forth all of Mary's life story. And when the train pulled out, the reporter had a tender human yarn to store away alongside all the others.

When *The War Years* were done at last and Carl had indulged in that great sigh—"what if I hadn't lived to finish it!"—we on the *Chicago Times* tried to get him to write on events during the Hitler war. It took more than a year of coaxing.

A Very Important Person in Washington may have helped Carl make up his mind. This V.I.P. wanted to have Carl appointed to an unusual post for a reporter, one in which he would have the opportunity "of studying quietly the swift changes which Washington is too close to for analysis." Carl would take up his post "somewhere in peaceful America (that is, not in New York or Washington) preferably in the country." He was to submit "from time to time his reflections upon world affairs."

Washington, it seemed, wanted Carl to use his big shoes and the big ears and report to the government. But Carl had no heart for it.

"No contract," he wired us at last, "just put it in a letter." It called for 500 to 1,000 words, one article a week. The roving reporter with the Pulitzer Prize, the man who had ears big enough to hear everybody's story wherever he went, the man who used the big shoes, tried to do such a conscientious job

that he often made it hard for himself. Through the syndicate his pieces were sold to newspapers from coast to coast.

Letters came in from all over, one from Chauncey Giles Hubble, 12 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. He had read Carl's piece, entitled "The Man With the Broken Fingers." It had been read on a Treasury Hour program on radio. It had been short-waved to various parts of Europe. It had been published in many foreign languages.

The Gestapo had caught a Norwegian who refused to talk.

"Tell us those names. Who are they? Talk! Names now —or else!"

"No names—over and over and no names."

So they broke his fingers one by one and then his arms but no names came.

Mr. Hubble who had read the piece in the *Boston Globe* asked if these were actual facts, "reliable and authenticated." Carl Sandburg answered with the place, the date and the names. He had attended a mass meeting of Swedes and Norwegians in Minnehaha Park in Minneapolis. It was Sunday afternoon in mid-August. A Norwegian flyer from Camp Little Norway, near Toronto, had spoken. He had told an almost unbelievable story, "cruelly repressive, befouling of human dignity." He had mentioned the man who had had his fingers broken. Reporter Sandburg had talked to the Norwegian flyer. He was using the name of Lieutenant "Andreas." And "Andreas" was the son of the man with the broken fingers—"better to die one by one than to say yes yes yes, when the answer is no no no."

Messages along with his copy:

How do you spell collossall? By doubling l and s when in doubt how can you lose? It's harvest time and near domesday and the mills will never grind with the water that's gone by and I hope this finds you serene in a howling wilderness. CARL.

Some meticulous sonofagun changes my copy from "like always" to

"as always." Tell him I knew "like always" is vulgate and vernacular as distinguished from chaste Addisonian. Twas a good visit this week. I like your corner of Chicago. CARL.

Sandburg promised to see World War II through and he did. Toward the end he was talking about the Pilgrims and the unreported events of their voyage. And that fellow, Roger Williams—"what a guy to get close to!" And long visits with Keith Wheeler, war correspondent in the Pacific, whose on-the-spot experiences made him certain that the present Korean conflict, perhaps something worse, was inevitable. And so Carl was off on another research and writing jog.

But he continued to study quietly "the swift changes which Washington is too close to for analysis." From Flat Rock came this postal card message, dated May 10, 1950: "Look up my column for July 9, 1944. Give it a slow reading. It is nearly worth reprint for this hour. YRS. CARL." It was a timely column, all right, Carl had written in 1944:

> The pitiless and inevitable consequences to follow this great war are harder to read beforehand than any previous war known to mankind because never before has a war involved such a variety of motives, peoples, causes, such vast armed forces and populations, such immense and diversified areas of conflict.

The United Nations was finding that out in early 1950. Carl went on (1944):

> Whatever forms of control against future wars arise after the present slaughter ends will depend on the will, the vision and human lights of those who run the controls.
>
> Any scheme of international order that looks good on paper will depend for its working well on the character and personality of the men entrusted to operate the scheme.

Less than seven weeks after Carl Sandburg had dropped his post card message at the Flat Rock post office, the North Koreans marched into South Korea. The reporter wearing the big shoes and using the big ears had been out some place where he had heard the advance rumbling back of the lines.

BIRTHDAY SNAPSHOTS

By ELMER GERTZ

IT is almost five years since a large group of Carl Sandburg's friends in the Chicago area celebrated his seventieth birthday with him in a hall at the Sherman Hotel. The ages ranged from the very young to the very old. The intellects, interests, callings, financial and social standings were as diversified as one could reasonably expect on such an occasion. There were some who had known him in varying degrees of intimacy during all of his adult life. There were others who had touched him in some limited or special way during some brief period. All were there to toast the poet, storyteller, philosopher, historian, biographer, newspaperman, columnist, Pulitzer Prize winner, guitar player, singer of folk songs, supreme specimen of strong-limbed, clear-eyed and sharp speaking Americanism. Here was a character and a man of his time and clime and for all times and climes. Obviously, he was pleased with the attention being paid him and he responded with sonorous graciousness to everything that was said, the serious things and the joshing, the bright remarks and the dumb cracks.

Then he got up at the head table and surveyed this gathering of his friends. His eyes took in all who were there; he missed nothing. Many memories rushed to his mind; fewer to his tongue. He turned from left to right, singling out a man here, one there, and in a phrase, a sentence, sometimes a little paragraph, he summed up what this one or that one had

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Elmer Gertz is an attorney and president of the Chicago Civil War Round Table. Author of many magazine articles, he is working on a life of Charles A. Dana.

meant to him or to the community. His words were carefully chosen. They had the quality of his best poetry. He created images. A brief descriptive phrase told a story; had the flow of a narrative. One watched, one listened. It was something intimate and personal; yet it was theatrical, too. It was a revolving series of portraits by a major figure of American life and letters. One could not help looking forward to the next milestone of his life, his seventy-fifth birthday celebration. And now it is here. Carl Sandburg is as much as ever a significant figure, a foremost man of letters, and a human being of great reaches and depths.

Each one who knows him has his own mental picture of the man. It is compounded, in all probability, of a series of little episodes, little bits of conversation, none significant in itself, but all adding up to a deep and definite impression. I, too, have my little portrait gallery, and some of the snapshots from it pop out as I contemplate Carl's birthday.

Although profoundly and continuously interested in every phase of American life and history, Carl does not like to belong to formal organizations, even in his favorite fields. Thus he is not a member of the famous Civil War Round Table, although everybody assumes that he is. On one memorable occasion he visited with us when there was no set program arranged, the scheduled speaker having canceled out. This led to a sort of double debate on the *Atlantic Monthly* Lincoln love letters hoax and *The Diary of a Public Man.* In both controversies Carl was placed in the middle and on the defensive by our blunt and impious bunch. Why had he ever thought the love letters to be genuine? Why did he rely so much upon the *Diary?* Carl reasoned in organ tones. We replied in catcalls. It was an evening of lively indecision. Carl was less sure than before that formal organizations such as ours served any purpose for the creative writer.

It was a cold winter night. While we were driving Carl to his destination, our automobile broke down. This presented

no problem to him. He got out of the car with us and attempted, successfully, to push it to a place of safety. Then we went into a tavern to warm up. As usual, he engaged in conversation with the waitress, not about poetry or history or anything intellectual, but about the tough little things that would interest a hard-hearted girl. She could never have suspected that she was talking to a foremost poet and historian, a man who deserved the Nobel Prize. As a matter of fact, he introduced himself as the business agent of some roughneck organization, like the steamfitters' union, and Ralph Newman, genial proprietor of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop, and I were given other disreputable titles. I am afraid that Ralph and I did not play our roles with his skill. The waitress must have thought that we were just ordinary bums. I remember a somewhat similar occasion, when our hairs were shorn on adjoining seats in a barber shop. Carl gave the barber a lively account of some of the adventures of my life, none of them true. I am sure that the barber thought that, at the very least, I was a companion of the then notorious bank robber, Dillinger.

Carl delights in such play-acting and avoids the mention of his great attainments or any self-identification, except such as would make him the brother of the streetcar conductor, taxi driver, barber or waiter whom he is addressing. On a Pullman car, he would shun the company of poets and scholars, and would talk with drummers by choice. Discovering that almost everyone who sits down in a Pullman smoker is an officer of some company or association, Carl had cards printed announcing himself as president of the National Association of Paw Paw Growers. These he would pass out to those who asked, "What's your line?" Enjoying the imaginary distinction, he had letterheads printed for the paper organization and selected a most wonderful board of directors, which included the President of the United States and an assortment of nondescript friends such as Ralph Newman and myself. It is doubt-

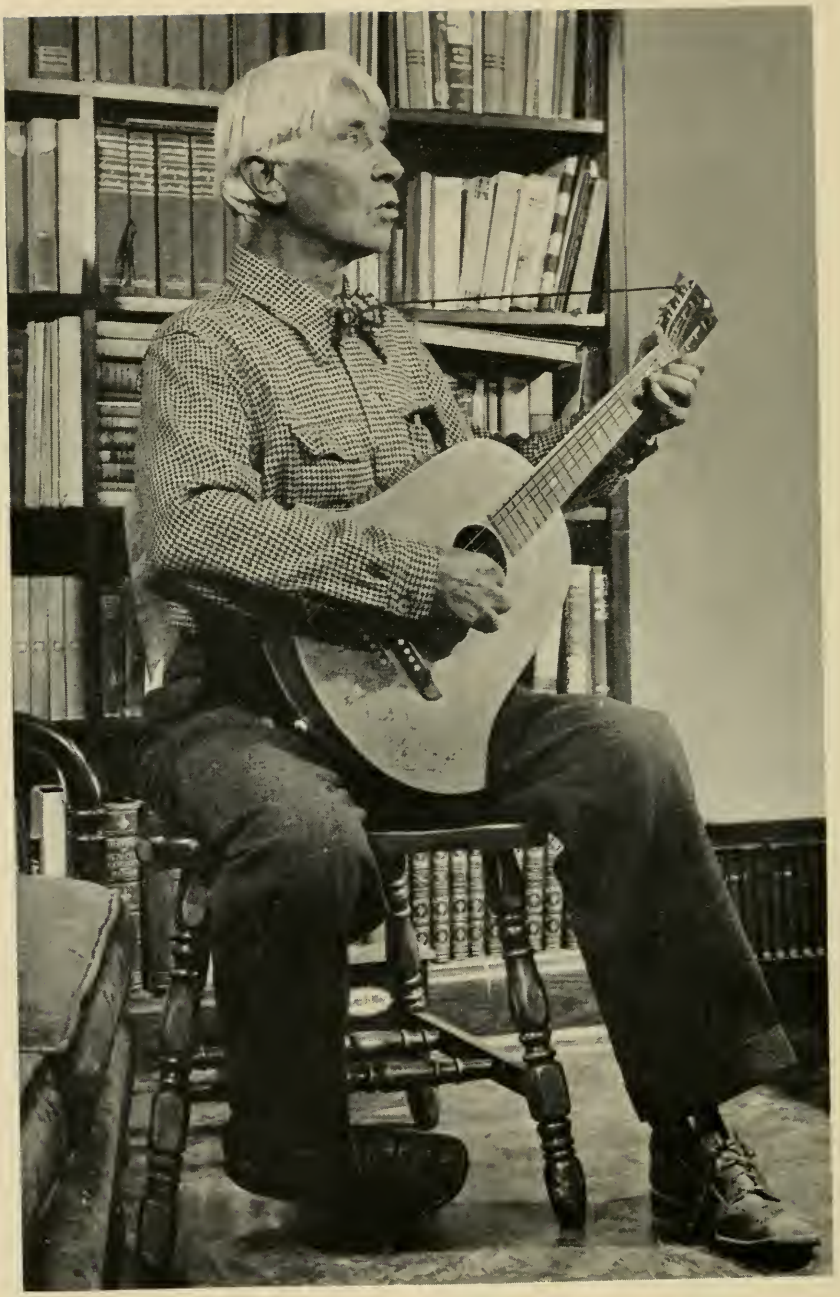
ful if anyone with whom Carl discussed the affairs of the association ever assumed that it was a fictional one. Willie Loman, the tragically typical American salesman, certainly would have been awed by the eminence of the president of the National Association of Paw Paw Growers, and few of the Willie Lomans of this world are able to understand that a poet means more than a realtor—that his territory is the minds of men, and not some little acre in a dull town.

Carl was announced as a speaker at a North Side Chicago synagogue. On impulse I attended. I sat as inconspicuously as possible, but the sharp eye of Sandburg spied me. He leaned over, beckoned, and asked me to meet him after the lecture. When the rabbi invited him to his home for a chat, he, in turn, invited me. About midnight our pleasant little session with the rabbi ended, but the evening had just begun for Carl. "Have you ever met Jake Buchbinder?" he asked. "He is the sort of person you should know." Thereupon, he hailed a cab and the two of us and Sandburg's guitar headed for the Walton Street home of the eminent Dr. Jacob Buchbinder. It would never occur to Carl or to Buchbinder, for that matter, that one should call in advance, particularly at such a time. The three of us talked to the wee hours of the morning on everything from duck-hunting to the mysteries of time and space. At 4:00 A. M. I felt that I had to surrender, and left the two old friends to themselves, while I headed homeward. I am sure that they talked on for hours; for good conversation is the substance of Carl's life. I was so much under the spell that I had forgotten that a young husband and father ought to advise his family of his whereabouts, and I was startled to see my wife staring at me out of the living room window at such an outlandish hour. She finally understood, as should the wife of any friend of Carl Sandburg's, and she canceled police calls and dried her tears.

Carl was invited to address the students and faculty of an academy in a town near Chicago, and, as always, he craved

company on the little journey. He asked me to go with him and Ralph. We dined together as Carl's guests in a restaurant adjoining the suburban station, each of us eating from a tray perilously perched on a one-arm chair. Our fare was such simple dishes as ham hocks and cabbage, coffee and pie. Carl's joy in this meal was as great as when that was all that he could afford. At the academy, Carl talked sonorously on life and the arts, transforming simple thoughts into high poetry. Even we, who had heard him often before, were deeply moved by what he said. Later, in a reception room, most of the audience shook his rough, eloquent hands and chatted with him, as lecture audiences do. There was nothing forced or inhibited in his manner. He seemed to be genuinely glad to discuss trifles with those who had been part of his audience. The head of the school produced a set of *The War Years,* and asked him to inscribe each of the four volumes, an unheard of request. Carl did not protest. As if it were the usual thing for an author to inscribe each volume of a set, he wrote something pleasant on the flyleaves.

Here he was in a sabbatical mood with his children, as it were. We all have seen him when the fury of a wrathy deity was upon him. I myself was once the center of one such attack. I had written something that had displeased him mightily and he whacked me with great verbal blows. He had been brooding about the subject for long, and now he burst forth, at first with quick spurts and then with tremendous blasts. Although I was the subject of his fury and thought he was wrong, I felt like a man privileged to observe Jove at work. I could not respond in anger. I listened, protesting mildly at best. Then the storm blew over. Carl smiled sweetly. "Forget it," he said; and we have remained friends.



THE SINGER OF AMERICAN SONGS AT HOME

This photograph was taken by William P. Schenk at Carl Sandburg's Harbert, Michigan, home on September 2, 1945.

HE HEARD AMERICA SING

By CARL HAVERLIN

I FIND it easier to be with Carl Sandburg than to write about him. I have ridden with him through the Lincoln country, over the roads of Illinois, while he fingered a borrowed guitar and talked of the corn lands and orchards he loved. At dusk, crossing the Des Plaines, we have looked westward into the low sun as he recited "Smoke of Autumn" with the three muskrats swimming. In a reproving dawn, seated in a kitchen, I've shared his enthusiasms for Villon and Lorca and hopefully read a favored passage from *L'Exil* of St. John Perse. "That's much too fast," he said, and took the book and read, lifting up each meaningful word from its cool blue depths with a craftsman's admiration. With a grin he had asked me to name the longest sentence and then read it to me, nearly three thousand words of it, from that fittingly tumultuous opening chapter of *The War Years*. He has stirred my emotions against the shabby, the juiceless and the intolerant with that bullthroat bellow of his, rolling up thunderously and without warning like Joyce's hundred-lettered reverberation in *Finnegan's Wake,* to die away, muttering, cool and muffled in a draught of Heineken.

Yes, I find it easier to be with Carl Sandburg than to write about him. His accomplishments bewilder and his personalities baffle. Sometimes so do his books, according to a story Carl himself tells with evident relish. Voldemar Vetlugiun, then an executive of M-G-M, after his first reading of

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Remembrance Rock said ruefully, "Maybe it *is* a novel. Maybe it is a long romantic poem. Maybe it is a new form. If *Pilgrim's Progress* is a novel—then this is a novel."

To read Sandburg, or to be with him, is to be convinced that everything he has ever written is part and parcel of one long continuing story about our land and its people.

As I write, I look across shelves that hold all his books; all, my collector's pride urges me to add, in first and limited editions. The man who wrote them is simultaneously, or has been from time to time, a poet, a philosopher, a biographer, a reporter, a historian, a musicologist and a novelist. From *Chicago Poems* to *Collected Poems,* from *The American Songbag* and the Lincoln books through *Steichen* to *Remembrance Rock* they spell out the universality of his mind and his sensitivity to beauty, terror and humor. They bespeak his rigid devotion to letters and to his country.

Among the great volumes, standing modestly between the robust *Remembrance Rock* and the nostalgic *Lincoln Collector,* is a slim blue book, the *New American Songbag.* It I regard with blood affection, for I had something to do with it. I suggested that it be written, and our company published it. It has long been recognized that Sandburg is the father of the current interest in American folk music. The upsurge started with the appearance of his great *Songbag* in 1927 and his recitals have continued to stimulate composers, publishers and singers alike. When he told me that he had continued to collect folk music and had hundreds of newly found songs in his files I asked him if he and his publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company, would approve of a new *American Songbag.*

I mention the book only that I may thereby pay tribute to Sandburg's indefatigable industry and to his essential integrity. To reach a market that might not readily buy his higher priced *Songbag,* it was planned to issue the *New American Songbag* as a dollar book on which the author's return would at best be small compared to his other publications. Despite this knowl-

edge and despite the seeming readiness of much of his collection, he labored in our offices and elsewhere during the major part of a six-months period, in the assembly of his material. Though he knew we could use only forty or so "new" songs, he prepared for final editing some five hundred items so that we might have the widest choice.

I did not know him while he was writing *The Prairie Years* or *The War Years,* but those who did say he worked then as intensely as he does now—tirelessly and with a singleness of purpose a little terrifying to the undedicated; as though the words he writes were a daily service at the altar of some personal deity.

Though we sometimes shared my office, most of the time he spent with us he worked alone in a big room, at a long table covered with notes and manuscripts and photostats, with a third of a cigar clutched firmly in his teeth, a shawl around his throat, his cap on the back of his head, a pencil stub dwarfed in his strong fingers. Pondering over an old scrap of paper covered with his unique system of musical notations, he would lean back with his eyes closed to hear it plain. We learned to wait before knocking at his door if we heard his guitar being touched hesitantly as he sought for a missing phrase, or strongly as his amazing memory brought the song swirling back up from the time of its first hearing.

Sometimes he would sit in front of a microphone and the boys would tape some songs to be transcribed later. (I still flinch to remember being told that all the tapes were erased when they had served their editorial purpose.) And all the time all of us felt good because here in our offices for a little while was a man who had heard America sing. In bayou and in sugar camp—by flickering fires along the railroad tracks, or in cool loggers' ways and in the prairie sun, he had heard America singing. Here among us was a singer who knew our great broad sprawling teeming tempestuous stern beautiful land—and a man who had heard our people sing—yes!

BRIGHT FELLOWSHIPS

By FANNY BUTCHER

TRYING to write briefly about Carl Sandburg is like trying to picture the Grand Canyon in one black and white snapshot. Only the whole panorama of his life plus its color can give any adequate idea of him. He is the epitome of the American ideal and the American opportunity success story as a person. As a literary artist he is eminent in more fields than any American living, pre-eminent in at least two, biography-history and poetry. As a gatherer and sharer of the kind of Americana that is expressed in a country's songs he is a creative artist. And as a septuagenarian still eagerly experimenting with the written word he is probably unique.

It has been, I deeply believe, one of the great privileges of my life to call Carl Sandburg friend for over half of the years that panorama was unfolding. As I look back over them I realize that the eventual stature of Carl Sandburg was always plain, almost as though time were coincidentally over him and behind him, casting his long shadow.

Memory starts with a time that I made a trip to the Sandburgs' little house in Maywood, Illinois, on a bitterly cold night to meet for the first time the gentle, quiet Lilian Sandburg and two bouncing little girls. I remember their father, with a great sardonic laugh, referring to the little girls as "the heiresses" as he pulled out of his pocket scraps of paper on which were notes, ideas, bits of half written and finished poems. As he read some of them aloud and added them to the

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Fanny Butcher has been with the Chicago Tribune *since 1912 as society editor, woman's editor, columnist, and book reviewer.*

little pile on the table he ruefully but gleefully said, "These are what I'll have to leave them—just pieces of paper, they'll be heiresses of scraps of paper," and the idea seemed uproariously funny to him.

For years we both always referred to the children (they became three) as "the heiresses." It was a sort of family joke. But from those scraps of paper there grew such a fortune as can be counted only in the wealth of immortality. Somehow I must have sensed that, for otherwise I would never have saved one scrap marked "Improvisation"—for it was frankly doggerel. Perhaps I saved it because it was so different from the serious work of Carl Sandburg, or perhaps as a souvenir. Here it is, in print for the first time:

> The last time I saw Fanny Butcher
> Was on a bitterly cold night
> And Fanny Butcher was in a warm street car
> With a book of O. Henry stories.
> I wonder whether she got off the car
> Where she ought to have
> And whether
> She has done what she ought to
> In other respects besides reading O. Henry stories
> In midnight street cars
> In owl cars on the I. C.
> And otherwise.

"Midnight street cars" and "owl cars" proved prophetic in the panorama of Carl Sandburg's life, as anyone who knows him well knows, for Carl is the kind of person who literally doesn't know time exists, time to be lived by, that is. He knows time only as something to be lived in. Of how many long happily endless hours when time was forgotten I have spent in Carl Sandburg's presence no record exists except composite memories beginning with that evening in Maywood. Never for almost forty years have they altered, neither in the slow rhythm of talk which takes no thought of time, nor in their timeless, unforgettable essence. Age has neither slowed Carl Sandburg's speech nor altered its vividness. When I first

knew him his words were spoken just as they are today in what, if they were visible, would be slow motion, and his thoughts unfolded as fascinatingly as a slow motion picture of a pitcher's curve ball.

Many of those early timeless evenings were spent in my own little study under the eaves in my parents' home in what we called "The Garret," where the walls must almost have applauded the talk so often did they vibrate with ideas. From just across the street came Lloyd Lewis, my contemporary, the son of my mother's dear friend with whom I was further inextricably united by youthful hopes and dreams of someday really writing something more than our daily stints on a newspaper (a dream magnificently realized by Lloyd before his far too early death). Sharing those hopes and dreams, although he was well our senior and had already seen them beginning to be realized in "Chicago," was Carl Sandburg who, often after their day's work together on the *Chicago Daily News,* came home with Lloyd and over to my garret for long hours of talk.

When *Smoke and Steel* was published Carl Sandburg wrote in my copy "For Fanny Butcher who heard many of these lines intoned before they were frozen in print," and that was literal fact, for Lloyd and I had heard them from his lips and his scraps of paper. Often there came not only Carl the poet, but Carl the troubadour, complete with guitar eager to match folk songs with Lloyd. Lloyd was also a matchless storyteller and they had a genius for prodding each other into talk. I always felt as though I were a kind of absorbent insulation—like that room in which Marcel Proust could work so happily, and if I was the listener of the trio it was because nothing I could possibly have said could have rivaled their zestful talk.

Those evenings were filled not only with fun but, now that the panorama of Carl's life is a longer one, with foreshadowings of two phases of his future work. For although *The American Songbag* and the years of trouping with his guitar

were not even contemplated then, and I don't remember his ever talking about writing what proved to be the magnificent epic of Lincoln (so I feel sure it was still only in his subconscious) he and Lloyd Lewis rivaled each other both in their singing of the old songs and in tales of the old days.

Inventors of art come infinitely more slowly into recognition than do inventors of safety pins or deep freezers, and Carl Sandburg was reaping little financial reward from his poetry when he tried his hand at books for children, with, likewise, much less success than they deserved. When I reviewed *Rootabaga Pigeons* with the enthusiasm which I felt for it he wrote me: "Dear Fanny: If you look close you can see foot-tracks of Rootabaga pigeons. What I tried to tell you over the phone was that your review was as young and careless and easy as I wanted to make the book itself. It was a winsome piece of writing."

No reviewer could help being happy over such words. (Gratitude, incidentally, is rare on the part of an author toward a reviewer, says this old one, cynically.) But Carl Sandburg has never failed in words of gratitude. The most memorable of them all, perhaps, are the ones he wrote me after the publication of *The Prairie Years* which I thought and still think, is not only one of the great biographies of all time, but unique in being practically one long poem in prose. He wrote:

DEAR FANNY:

That was a superb valentine you handed me publicly. It smashed all formulas for book reviews and made its own style, driving in its own independent brass nails of persuasive discourse, written eloquence. I have never had a book review that I am so sure so many people read more than once and took as testimony to be deliberated over. It was as though you had had some fun with that line on the last page of Smoke and Steel: "The peace of great phantoms be for you."

During the long years that Lincoln was his work in progress there were few long hours of stimulating talk, for when Carl Sandburg was not working feverishly on the book he was on one of his lecture-troubadour swings around the coun-

Lloyd Lewis and Sandburg Sang Ballads Together for Many Years.

try. If ever a book was borne on the wings of song, financially at least, *Lincoln* was supported by American folk tunes. But after those lean years—lean especially for his friends who went without his conversation—he came back into circulation in all our lives. I remember out of the late richer years so many meetings that it is difficult to choose one which might be most characteristic. Perhaps it would be that evening during the war after a great bond rally in which Carl had been one of the headliners and I had got a special leave for the young poet Jesse Stuart, then a sailor at Great Lakes, so he could give a service stripe to the evening.

After the rally (in Orchestra Hall, and as I remember the Literary committee sold over a million dollars' worth) Carl Sandburg and Jesse Stuart came home with us. My husband gave them easy chairs, food and drink, and then he and I just sat and listened. It was an epic evening, with the young poet asking, the old poet answering, the old poet reliving his creative youth, the young poet searching for a glimpse of what age might bring his genius. How many hours went by none of us knew—nor cared. Months later, one evening when Carl Sandburg was again sitting in the same easy chair he suddenly said, "Do you remember the time two poets whose fathers could not read nor write sat here talking about reading and writing?" It was always, I now realize, about those eternal subjects reading and writing that we talked far into the night.

During that long stretch of work on the latter volumes of the Lincoln biography, Carl wrote me one day (it was in 1930):

DEAR FANNY:

Sometimes it is like a long stretch at Joliet to go on with this job of putting down the Lincoln of the *War Years*. I cannot say he was Here when he was There when a dozen witnesses or documents put him There in broad daylight. At moments I feel like the old gazabo Wilder had in San Luis Rey tracking down the lives, deeds and consciences of the people who fell off the bridge. This is an explanation and an alibi but there will be a song and story evening we have talked about.

Always an experimenter, Carl Sandburg, after writing poetry, books for children, folklore and biographical history, decided to try writing a novel which would be a Cavalcade of America (as it was in its original form for the movies). As always, after a review, Carl wrote to thank the reviewer—or this reviewer at least—and his letter throws light on the still moot question of why and how he did *Remembrance Rock.* He wrote in November of 1948:

> Thank you for affirmations and eloquences. As I look back what happened I'm sure, is something like this; after being long possessed by it, I wrote a novel of theme and structure such as I wished someone else had written for me to read 40 or 50 years ago so I could have gone on from there. The theme is costly, tangled in dreams and death. Tom Wolfe and Ross Lockridge died in their thirties, Stevie Benet at 45. Sometimes I wonder how and why I am ambulant and in my right mind enjoying certain fool songs more than ever. I don't forget a few bright fellowships, such as ours, running thru fair weather and foul, across two world wars. Be seeing you and Bokum this winter. As always, CARL.

"As always"—that, perhaps has been the special grace of Carl Sandburg as a person. But never satisfied with being "as always" in his work, always trying something new, never willing to stop trying. The last time we spent an evening together he took out of his pockets the same sort of "scraps" that had been in them when I first knew him. He read from some of them, new poems as experimental as was "Chicago" when it was written, poems in which, he said, he was trying to do with words what the abstractionists were doing with color in painting.

So the panorama is still in the making as Carl Sandburg's seventy-four years merge into an epic three-quarters of a century.

FORTY YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP

By ALFRED HARCOURT

IN the early nineteen hundreds, Chicago was a center for young writers and artists. Some of the best literary criticism of the country was appearing in the *Chicago Evening Post* supplement; *Poetry,* a magazine published in Chicago under the editorship of Harriet Monroe, was flourishing. In its pages, I read some poems by a new poet, Carl Sandburg, that stirred me greatly. When I went to Chicago on a selling trip for Henry Holt and Company, with whom I was then associated, I tried to find this Carl Sandburg, but without success. He lived in a suburb at a considerable distance from Chicago. I did find that he was a friend of Alice Corbin, Harriet Monroe's assistant, and as Alice was also a friend of mine, I asked her to steer Carl my way when he had enough poems for a book.

In the fall of 1915, she brought into my office in New York a manuscript from Carl, entitled "Chicago Poems." I saw at once that it was of first importance and quality. There was something of a skirmish to get it past the inhibitions and traditions of the Holt office, for its middle-western atmosphere, its subject matter and strength seemed to them rather raw for their imprint, but Henry Holt himself agreed to let me try it. Just before the book appeared, Carl came to New York, and I had the chance I had wanted to meet him. *Chicago Poems* received so much respectful attention from even conservative

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Alfred Harcourt was with Henry Holt and Company, publishers, 1904-1919; then he founded Harcourt, Brace and Company. He served as its president until 1942, and is now on the board of directors.

critics that Henry Holt and Company soon became proud of their "discovery."

For nearly ten years after that, my association with Carl was largely by correspondence, and what correspondence! Every letter he wrote, even of humdrum details, seemed to sing. Everything Carl writes is music and full of wisdom. He had a regular job on the *Chicago Daily News* so he couldn't get to New York, and when, in 1919, I started my own firm, Harcourt, Brace and Company, I was too busy to get to Chicago. I did drop in on him once in Elmhurst, I think it was in 1921. I found Eugene Debs there, just freed from a federal penitentiary, where he had been serving a sentence for trying to keep the United States out of the First World War. Debs was recovering his health and spirits in the warmth of the Sandburg home. I then heard Carl sing for the first time. Debs had been teaching him some of the songs he had heard his fellow prisoners sing. I had come to talk to Carl about publishing some of the stories he was telling his children, and I did get the manuscript of his *Rootabaga Stories* from him as a result of that visit, but the way he and Debs sang the "Sam Hall" song haunted me, and I put away the thought of those prison songs for future use.

Early in 1923, Carl came on to New York and went to lunch with me at the Chatham Hotel. He asked what I thought the next book should be. I knew of his interest in Lincoln, and I knew he loved writing for children, so I suggested a life of Lincoln for teen-age boys and girls. He told me then how his interest in Lincoln started. When he worked on a milk wagon in Galesburg, Illinois, his home town, Carl, on his way to work, cut across the Knox College campus, past a building on which was a tablet stating that this was the scene of one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and giving a quotation from that debate. Carl learned this quotation by heart; it led him to read the entire series of debates and then on to other material connected with Lincoln. As he talked, he referred a

Photo by E. Schaal, 1939

SANDBURG AND PUBLISHER ALFRED HARCOURT

number of times to the idea I had suggested and finally asked, "a volume of 400 pages?" "Yes," I said, "but it might run to a little longer." When he left me, he had agreed to try his hand at what we described as a "boy's life of Lincoln."

Two years later Carl came to me with a manuscript. That "boy's life of Lincoln" had grown into two volumes. Carl himself was a part of the Middle West prairies and towns; his father was a railroad blacksmith who couldn't write his name, and like the boys of pioneer days, Carl had had to struggle for everything he got. In his manuscript he gave a picture, as intense as a personal experience, of the life of the poor whites in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois from 1805 to 1855, and of Lincoln growing up in that environment, a product of it, and then beginning to work out his own destiny. The

manuscript stopped with Lincoln's leaving Springfield to become President. There was no title. At this time, Van Wyck Brooks had the office next to mine, and was acting informally for us as a special adviser. He was deeply moved by the work, and suggested the perfect title, "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years." *The Pictorial Review,* a first rate magazine for women in those days, was interested in printing some parts of it before book publication. Since Carl was then known only as a poet, and his ability as a historian was untested, the magazine's editors were willing to offer only $3,500 for the right to select material. I told them I was convinced that *The Prairie Years* was going to rank as one of the greatest biographies in the English language, and that I couldn't consider anything less than $30,000. They gasped, but were convinced in the end. It was one of the high spots of my life when I telegraphed the news to Carl. He replied:

DEAR ALFRED:

This is the first time I've understood something about the emotions of holding the lucky number in a lottery. Prof. Armstrong of Baylor College at Waco wired your telegram to me at Commerce saying "I have received the following telegram. Does it mean anything to you?" I replied "Thank you for sending a telegram with news equivalent to falling heir to a farm."

CARL

With the publication of *The Prairie Years,* Carl was in a position to give up his job with the *Chicago Daily News.* Now he could have time for troubadouring, and when he was ready, to work on the continuation of his Lincoln. There has always been something of the hobo in Carl. In his youth, he did ride the freights occasionally, and once spent a night in jail somewhere in Pennsylvania, after having been kicked off a train. He knows and loves the whole United States, and knows people who love him in almost every part of it. He picked up a collection of American folk songs, especially prison and Negro songs, and went from place to place with his guitar, reading from his poetry, and singing from his songbag. His voice has a haunting quality, and these performances were a

great success, especially in the colleges. He got good fees for them, and he made these readings pay his expenses as he ranged up and down the country collecting Lincoln material. He'd see the people and the books he wanted to see, have a good time, and arrive home with money in his pocket. From all this troubadouring, he made a large collection of American folk songs which we published in 1927 under the title *The American Songbag.*

In December, 1939, we published *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years,* in four volumes. The book he and I discussed over the lunch table in 1923 was done. That "boy's life, about 400 pages," had taken sixteen years and grown to six volumes: *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years; Abraham Lincoln: The War Years.*

When Carl brought me the manuscript of the last four volumes, he said, "This has grown into a scroll, a chronicle. There's one thing we can say for it: 'It is probably the only book ever written by a man whose father couldn't write his name, about a man whose mother couldn't write hers.' " I was so sure *The War Years* was going to be a success that I ordered an initial printing of 15,000 sets, and when I saw the advance orders, I ordered another 14,000 sets. We sold all these 29,000 sets at $20 the set—within a few months.

Now after this biography of Lincoln, after *Remembrance Rock,* that story and pageant of the American people as they have lived in the great crises of our history, Carl is writing a book which will tell something of his own growing up. He has taken up his guitar again and is going to sing of his own American "folk" story. He is calling it *Always the Young Strangers,* and he hopes to have it ready for publication on his seventy-fifth birthday next January 6.

Farewell to a Troubadour[1]

By OLIVE CARRUTHERS

The sun shines crocus-gold in North Car'lina,
And the moon paints the honey locusts with milkweed white.
—Can you forget stars falling into Lake Michigan,
Or the beacon, cutting the night like a silver sword?—
You will hear darkies, chanting a lazy coonjine
To the thrum of hummingbirds, like an old banjo—
Can you forget the song of the mighty city,
The traffic beat and music of tired feet
Pounding the noonhot sidewalk in weary rhythm
Timed to a tempo of hope—and a dream undreamed?
Take it along with you. Take the song of Chicago.
Sing it again to the strum of your own guitar
In the yellow afternoons of the sleepy southland,
On still, hot nights when stars are hanging near.
But know that you leave your song on the lips of the city,
In the laughing lake and humming rails of the El;
Know that you leave your faith in the hearts of her people,
Hearts that will break a little when you go!

Miss Carruthers' verse resulted in the following comment by the *Charlotte* (North Carolina) *News*:

A Frigid Coonjine

Olive Carruthers, bidding farewell to Carl Sandburg in the *Chicago Sun,* has written a tender and stirring poem re-

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Olive Carruthers, author of We'll Sing One Song *and* Lincoln's Other Mary, *has been a student of Sandburg's poetry for a quarter-century.*

marking about the seductive South that will greet the old poet upon his arrival in Flat Rock.

"You will hear darkies, chanting a lazy coonjine/ To the thrum of hummingbirds, like an old banjo," Miss Carruthers warns Mr. Sandburg, and she also sings of crocus-gold sunshine "in North Car'lina" (the apostrophe, please note, is hers) and "the yellow afternoons" and the "still, hot nights when stars are hanging near."

Reading those lovely words today, while icicles dangle outside our windows and our ears are smitten by the traffic noises the late W. J. Cash once termed "the most fiendish sound outside of Hell, or possibly the Chicago Loop," we are strangely bemused. In the first place we don't know what a lazy coonjine is, and it's been a long time since we heard a hummingbird thrum.

If we, here in the flatlands, find an odd note in Miss Carruthers' poem, we wonder how it sounds to the natives in the high hills where Mr. Sandburg is making his residence. The darkies in Henderson county could hold a convention in a telephone booth, and there probably hasn't been a banjo in Flat Rock since Jan Garber played a dance there in 1928.

Miss Carruthers bids Mr. Sandburg to take with him to Flat Rock "the song of Chicago," a song "Timed to a tempo of hope—and a dream undreamed." We, of course, will welcome any dream Mr. Sandburg cares to bring along, no matter its state of gestation, and we don't think he'll find it too out of place at Connemara. But we also recommend that he pack along with the song of Chicago an ample supply of red flannel underwear.

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[1] When Carl Sandburg left his home in Harbert, Michigan, for the greener hills of North Carolina. Published in *The Chicago Sun Book Week,* December 2, 1945.

A SELECTIVE CHECKLIST OF SANDBURG'S WRITINGS

Compiled by RALPH G. NEWMAN

A COMPLETE listing of the writings of Carl Sandburg including periodical contributions, introductions, forewords, special work for anthologies, foreign language printings, etc., together with proper bibliographical comments, would occupy more space than is available to *all* of the writers in this tribute volume. There is also a tremendous literature *about* Carl Sandburg including several biographies and literally hundreds of articles relating to his unique position in American literature. This writer has been engaged in gathering material for a Sandburg bibliography for more than twenty years and the longer he is engaged with this task, the more difficult the work becomes. In the fifty some years of his very active writing career, Sandburg has contributed to every medium available to the writer. Sandburgiana can be found in many forms and in many strange places—from the columns of the *Day Book,* Chicago's famous ad-less newspaper, the back of a Keystone stereograph view, the pages of *System* magazine, to a foreword in a book of children's verse issued by the *Chicago Daily News,* or an introduction to the catalogue of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop.

In this brief checklist, I have endeavored to give only the main writings of Carl Sandburg and have also included a few special printings because of their very distinguished

Ralph G. Newman, proprietor of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop, Chicago, has the largest known collection of Sandburgiana.

format and important content. In addition you will find listed the six early titles associated with his name when he was known as Charles A. Sandburg:

Sandburg, Charles A. *In Reckless Ecstasy.* Galesburg, Illinois: The Asgard Press, 1904. Pp. 39, wrappers. Introduction by Philip Green Wright.

The Asgard Press was a private venture of Philip Green Wright, a teacher at Lombard College in Galesburg. In 1904 the Asgard Press printed books by both Sandburg and Wright and each man wrote an introduction for the other's volume.

Wright, Philip Green. *The Dial of the Heart.* [Galesburg, Illinois]: The Asgard Press, 1904. Pp. 54, wrappers. Introduction by Charles A. Sandburg.

Reprint of above by Richard G. Badger, Boston, 1906. Pp. 60, cloth.

Sandburg, Charles A. *The Plaint of a Rose.* Galesburg, Illinois: The Asgard Press, [n.d., *ca.* 1904]. Pp. 10, wrappers.

————. *Incidentals.* Galesburg, Illinois: The Asgard Press, [n.d., *ca.* 1905]. Pp. 32, wrappers.

Wright, Philip Green. *The Dreamer.* Galesburg, Illinois: The Asgard Press, [1906]. Pp. 53, cloth. Introduction by Charles A. Sandburg.

Sandburg, Charles A. *You and Your Job.* Chicago: [n.d., *ca.* 1906], wrappers.

All of the following books are by *Carl* Sandburg:

Chicago Poems. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1916. Pp. 183, cloth. The marking "(3'16)" at the bottom of the first page of advertisements following the last page of text indicates a first edition.

Cornhuskers. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1918. Pp. 147, boards. Page 3 is numbered at the foot of the page. The price of *Chicago Poems,* listed on the page opposite the title page is $1.30. Later changed to $1.35.

The Chicago Race Riots. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1919. Pp. 71, wrappers. Introductory note by Walter Lippmann.

Smoke and Steel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1920. Pp. 268, boards.

Rootabaga Stories. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1922]. Pp. 230, cloth. Illustrations and decorations by Maud and Miska Petersham.

Slabs of the Sunburnt West. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1922]. Pp. 76, cloth. In the first issue p. 76 was omitted; corrected in all later states.

Rootabaga Pigeons. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1923]. Pp. 218, cloth. Illustrations and decorations by Maud and Miska Petersham.

Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1926]. Two volumes.

Two hundred and sixty copies printed on imported Dutch charcoal paper, numbered and signed by the author. Bound in blue boards with cloth spine. A few copies of this edition (probably six) have the misprint "tears in his ears" instead of "tears in his eyes" on p. 175 of Vol. I.

Regular trade edition marked "First edition after printing 260 deluxe copies," cloth.

Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1926]. Pp. 287, cloth. Edited by Rebecca West.

Published the same year by Jonathan Cape, London. The rule for collectors of first editions has always been "follow the flag"—the preferred edition is that printed in the country of the author's nativity. In this case we have an American author and a British editor. You can have your choice or do as this compiler has done—acquire both editions.

Songs of America. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1926]. Pp. 11, wrappers. Musical editor, Alfred V. Frankenstein. A preliminary work for the following title.

The American Songbag. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1927]. Pp. 495, cloth.

Good Morning, America. New York: Crosby Gaige, 1928. Pp. 251, cloth. Edition limited to 811 copies printed on rag paper, each copy signed by the author. Designed by W. A. Dwiggins. A few copies have been noted printed on green-tint paper.

Regular trade edition issued by Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1928.

Abe Lincoln Grows Up. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1928]. Pp. 222, cloth. With illustrations by James Daugherty.

Rootabaga Country. Selections from Rootabaga Stories and Rootabaga Pigeons. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1929]. Pp. 258, cloth. Illustrations by Peggy Bacon.

Steichen the Photographer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1929]. Pp. 66 of text, 49 of photographs, cloth. Edition limited to 925 numbered copies signed by the author and Edward Steichen.

Early Moon. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1930]. Pp. 136, cloth. Decorations by James Daugherty.

Issued simultaneously by The Junior Literary Guild, Inc. in same format as Harcourt edition. Both editions marked "first edition" on copyright page.

Potato Face. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1930]. Pp. 96, cloth.

Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1932]. Written in collaboration with Paul M. Angle.

Deluxe edition of 260 copies on fine quality paper, numbered and signed by both authors. Pp. 357, cloth.

Regular trade edition, also 357 pages, bears the following statement on the copyright page: "Second printing [first trade edition], November, 1932."

The People, Yes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1936].

Deluxe edition of 270 copies numbered and signed by the author. Pp. 286, cloth.

Regular trade edition, also 286 pages, carries the following caption on the copyright page: "First edition after printing 270 deluxe copies."

A Lincoln and Whitman Miscellany. Chicago: Holiday Press, 1938. Pp. 33, boards. Edition limited to 250 copies.

Abraham Lincoln: The War Years. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1939]. Four volumes.

Five hundred and twenty-five copies printed on all rag paper, numbered and signed by the author. Bound in light brown buckram.

Regular trade edition marked "First edition after printing 525 deluxe copies" on copyright page. Bound in dark blue cloth.

Abraham Lincoln. The Sangamon Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940. Six volumes. *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years* issued as a single work. Sold by subscription only. Red cloth binding.

Bronze Wood. San Francisco: [Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc.], 1941.

Edition of 50 copies with an original photograph by Henry Flannery. All copies signed by Sandburg and Flannery.

Edition limited to 195 copies. Both editions printed by The Grabhorn Press and completed September 15, 1941. Pp. [10], boards.

Storm Over the Land. A Profile of the Civil War Taken Mainly from Abraham Lincoln: The War Years. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1943]. Pp. 440, cloth.

Home Front Memo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1943]. Pp. 310 of text, [96] of photographs, cloth.

The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1944]. In collaboration with Frederick Hill Meserve. Pp. 30 and 96 pages of photographs.

Poems of the Midwest. Cleveland and New York: The World Publishing Company, [1946]. Illustrated with photographs selected by Elizabeth McCausland. Introduction by Lloyd Lewis.

Special edition limited to 950 copies on fine paper, bound in tan buckram, for friends of the publisher. Pp. 267.

Regular trade edition, smaller format in *The Living Library* series, cloth.

Remembrance Rock. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1948].

First edition in two volumes, on all rag paper. Edition limited to 1,000 copies, each signed by the author.

Regular trade edition, one volume, copyright page reads: "First regular edition after publication of 1,000 deluxe edition copies." Pp. 1,067, cloth.

Lincoln Collector. The Story of Oliver R. Barrett's Great Private Collection. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1949]. Pp. 344.

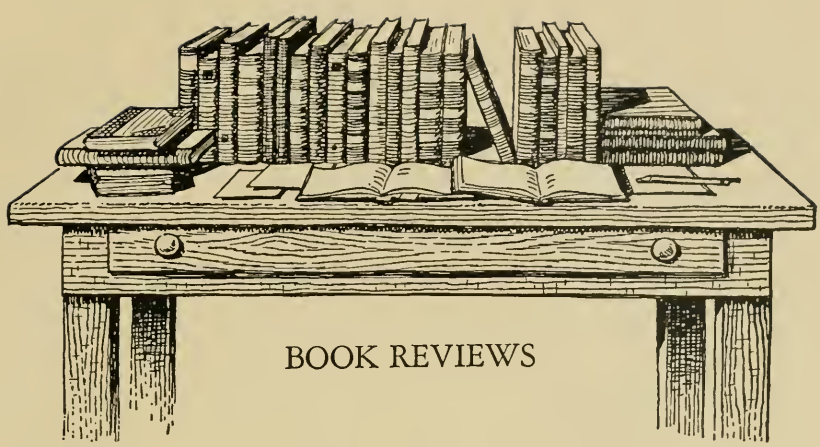
The first edition limited to 2,425 copies on all rag paper, bound in buckram, numbered and signed by the author.

Regular trade edition, bound in cloth, with some corrections, issued in 1950.

Complete Poems. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1950]. Pp. 676, cloth.

Carl Sandburg's New American Songbag. New York: Broadcast Music, Inc., [1950]. Pp. 107, cloth (copies also issued in wrappers). Brief prefatory note by Bing Crosby.

Always the Young Strangers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, [1953]. Published on Carl Sandburg's 75th birthday, January 6, 1953.



BOOK REVIEWS

Always The Young Strangers. By Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace and Co.,: New York, 1953. Pp. 448. $5.00)

Here is Carl Sandburg, master yarn-spinner, very much "on the beam" in telling the story of his first twenty years (1878-1898). In *Remembrance Rock* (1948) he wrote about the history of our nation as a saga of struggle and change. In this new book he gives us crucial phases of that saga in terms of one Swedish immigrant family. But the sometimes involved prose of the novel is gone; Sandburg returns to the kind of writing that went into *The Prairie Years*—mobile, vivid, "as right as rain."

August and Clara Sandburg struggled hard to get on in the new land. For thirty years August Sandburg worked a sixty-hour week at heavy labor in the Burlington shops in the western Illinois prairie town of Galesburg. Fourteen cents an hour never added up to much; there were no vacations. He was a peon of the railroad. That he could, nevertheless, not only acquire modest properties (including a lot and house which he was forced, via a "sleeping mortgage," to buy twice) but with Clara manage to feed and clothe seven children, points to thrift, temperate living, and sheer peasant endurance. Often Carl's earnings (from paper or milk route, as barber-shop porter, etc.) and or vegetables from the family garden spelled the difference between eating and not eating. Fortunately both parents had physical and spiritual stamina. Shortly before her death the poet's mother could write: "With thought and love in the home so much can be overcome." There was religious depth to the lives of August and Clara Sandburg; they had moral balance rooted in Old World piety, ability quietly to master circumstance, and, in Clara's case, radiance of spirit.

It was a New World rocked by economic upheavals to which the Sand-

burgs tried to adjust. Carl, the first son, was born toward the end of "the wild '70's". When he was nine the nation went into a series of economic crises that were to last a decade. The pinch of hard times, stoically endured by his parents, turned Carl as a teen-ager to Populism.

Reference is often made to the fact that Sandburg, among our top Lincoln biographers, grew up in a town filled with Lincoln memories—the fifth Lincoln-Douglas debate occurred there in 1858. The fact is important but it figures only incidentally in the new book (Sandburg's awareness of Lincoln deepening slowly with his own maturing). More central to an understanding of Sandburg's boyhood is the fact that he was born into a railroad center. The coming of the railroad (first the Burlington, then the Santa Fe) did more than anything else to change a dominantly Yankee, Calvinistic town (the first settlers coming in 1836 from the Mohawk Valley) to one which could acquaint young Sandburg with the diversity that is our American pattern. The "Q" with its shops and huge tie-plant brought in Swedes like Magnus Holmes (August's cousin who then wrote to him in Sweden "Come on over!"), Irish, the bulk of the local Negro population, people of other tints and national origins, and the Roman Catholic Church.

Thanks to his home town's being an easy rail stop for roaming lecturers, road plays, and other public attractions more or less cultural, Sandburg heard more famous platform personalities, and saw more famous stage offerings (sometimes from the wings as a "supe" or scene-shifter), than would otherwise have been possible. His memories of people like Robert G. Ingersoll, John P. Altgeld, William Jennings Bryan, James J. Corbett, Chauncey M. Depew, Robert Todd Lincoln (the last two coming to Knox College for a Lincoln-Douglas debate anniversary) are part of his new work's contributions to American history. Then the railroad, dramatic, whistling reminder of economic and other change, was a large factor, in view of his father's trade, in Sandburg's evolving social consciousness. Finally, at a critical point in his life, when he felt lonely and frustrated enough to think of suicide, the boxcars stepped in with their noisy, welcome invitation to see more of the country, to learn more about its people, its opportunities, and about himself.

Sandburg's new book might be sub-titled "The Early Education of an Immigrant's Son." Again there is a note of struggle. In grade school he was lucky in having more than one superior teacher who whetted his congenitally large appetite for education. He early became an omnivorous reader with a special fondness, reflecting New World consciousness, for American history. In his teens he did more reading than many people in a lifetime, going in for almanacs, "cigarette biographies," and paper-covered thrillers as well as for solid books like the two-volume *History of Napoleon Bonaparte* which he lugged home from the school library as a fifth grader. He wanted to go on to

high school with his older sister but family circumstances argued otherwise. By the time he was eighteen he was advancing his political understanding by daily perusal of the *Chicago Record.* He was quick to learn from a wide variety of people and from an amazingly wide assortment of jobs. Incidentally, outside the family circle which included three sisters, girls played little part in his boyhood; skirts induced bashfulness. Following service in the Spanish-American War, Sandburg went on with his formal education at Lombard College in Galesburg. His book takes us to his September, 1898, enrollment in the college.

Reflecting his eye for convincing detail and his ear for colorful American idiom, much of Sandburg's new book (for example, the delightful chapter "Kid Talk—Folk Talk") brings to mind that memorable bardic recital of American history—*The People, Yes.* The title comes from the poem "Broken-Face Gargoyles" in *Smoke and Steel* (1920). The phrase "always the young strangers" carries Sandburg's final social optimism, his hope of continuing progress via the dreams and deeds of new generations.

If you want the boyhood story, superbly told, of a great American, and, at the same time, would like to learn more about the people, problems, and promises of America, *Always the Young Strangers* is your book.

Galesburg, Illinois ALAN JENKINS

Abraham Lincoln: A Biography. By Benjamin P. Thomas. (Alfred A. Knopf: New York, 1952. Pp. 548, xii. $5.75.)

Here is *the one-volume* life of Lincoln that the librarian can recommend in answer to that oft heard query, "What is the best one-volume life of Lincoln?" In a few evenings one can read of Lincoln's fifty-six years, secure in the knowledge that in this well written, fascinating and absorbing biography, he also has the matured judgment of one of the best qualified students of Lincoln's life.

It is an excellent job of distillation, a masterful synthesis of the more than 6,000 letters, notes and speeches *by* Lincoln collected in photostat by the Abraham Lincoln Association of Springfield, Illinois. It contains the essence of almost 18,000 letters *to* Lincoln comprising the bulk of the Robert Todd Lincoln Papers of Abraham Lincoln in the Library of Congress, which Dr. Thomas studied in microfilm at the Illinois State Historical Library. Among other collections used are the papers of Lincoln's private secretary John G. Nicolay in the Library of Congress. The Illinois State Historical Library's index (1831-1860) of the Springfield newspaper which supported Lincoln throughout his life made accessible much Lincoln material not used by earlier biographers.

Thomas has digested scores of monographs on related Lincoln subjects, many of these prepared by the graduate students of Professor J. G. Randall of the University of Illinois, whose own studies on Lincoln and the Civil War published in the last twenty-five years have added a great deal to Lincoln's stature as President. The studies of the day-by-day activities of Lincoln's life from birth to the presidency issued by the Abraham Lincoln Association (in four volumes, the period 1847-1853 by Dr. Thomas), have made for a high standard of accuracy and wealth of detail.

Noticeable is the author's familiarity with the subject derived from twenty years of residence in Springfield, delving into various phases of Lincoln's career, and into those of the Lincoln biographers as evidenced in his *Portrait for Posterity: Lincoln and His Biographers* published in 1947. Thomas was the second executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association (1932-1936), and is now a director and officer as well as an editorial advisor of *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* edited by the Association and scheduled for publication in nine volumes by Rutgers University Press in 1953. For several years Dr. Thomas has been a trustee of the Illinois State Historical Library, and is also a director of the Illinois State Historical Society.

These are some of the reasons why Thomas' *Abraham Lincoln* is a meaty book and the men and women in it are flesh and blood. Their virtues and failings help the reader understand Lincoln's handling of their problems. Most of all Lincoln is not lost in the Civil War, for Thomas treats all events from the vantage point of the President's knowledge of events from day to day.

Any reader who fears that Lincoln may become only a marble bust to the next generation has only to read the chapter "Profile of a President." It is not how free access is granted to a man, but how he "binds up their wounds" that measures him in the hearts of people. Lincoln's commonplace sayings and writings bear the stamp of individuality and belong to all literate Americans of each succeeding generation. H. E. P.

Lincoln, the President: Midstream. By J. G. Randall. (Dodd, Mead and Company: New York, 1952. Pp. 467. $7.50.)

There is a lot of Illinois in this book. First of all it is about the most famous of all Illinoisans. Second, it deals with reactions in Illinois at the time this most famous of Illinoisans was in the White House—the extent of pro-Southern sentiment, the political situation in the Prairie State, state constitutional problems in the early years of the Civil War and so on. Third, it is by the much beloved professor of history emeritus at the University of Illinois, J. G. Randall, who is one of the most distinguished of American historians

and scholars and a past president of the Society under whose sponsorship this *Journal* appears.

This volume is the third in Dr. Randall's definitive study of Lincoln as President. The first and second volumes, which appeared together in 1945, carried Lincoln from Springfield through Gettysburg. The new volume develops militarily the struggle around Chattanooga, with Grant opposing Bragg, and Missionary Ridge.

The preceding volume covered the actual issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation but it is in the period of this volume that the important reactions came. Along with these problems arose others in connection with the powers of the President in wartime and their relationship to the rights of citizens.

War and statecraft have their share of Dr. Randall's attention but only their share. He emphasizes Lincoln as a man—a man swamped with unending demands but at the same time living at least some of the aspects of more or less normal life. The author devotes chapters to "the gift of laughter" and to Lincoln's home affairs through which he sees Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd, as loyal and loving if also a pretty lonely couple. Lincoln's humor, as Dr. Randall presents it, was part of the President's "art of living" and in explaining this idea he shows the similarity between Lincoln and Mark Twain.

An instance of Lincoln humor which backfired is recounted in the story about Ozias M. Hatch, Secretary of State of Illinois. Hatch and Jesse K. Dubois had asked for a certain appointment and Lincoln replied in a jocular vein with the result that he was misunderstood. "We confess," Hatch and Dubois told Lincoln, "your despatch read harshly to us." The embarrassed Lincoln commented that he "supposed you gentlemen knew me well enough to understand."

There is a twenty-five-page report on the Robert Todd Lincoln collection of Lincoln papers which were opened five years ago last summer in the Library of Congress. Dr. Randall's appraisal may be summarized by saying that these new Lincoln papers lack sensationalism, that they fill in a fuller portrait, that it will take time to know just how many varying purposes will be served by the extensive study which the papers will have over the years.

The last paragraph of the introduction is particularly interesting. It reads as follows:

> The author's wife, Ruth Painter Randall, after years of research and with newly used material, has completed a life of Mrs. Lincoln—which is soon to be published. Since it is the history of a marriage—a double biography—it is valuable for an understanding of the man as well as of the wife. Her book

deals fully with the personal life of Lincoln. The writing of this competent biography during the period when the present third volume has been in preparation has been of great advantage.

Collinsville IRVING DILLIARD

Lincoln Finds a General: A Military Study of the Civil War, Vol. III. By Kenneth P. Williams. (The Macmillan Co.: New York, 1952. Pp. 585. $7.50.)

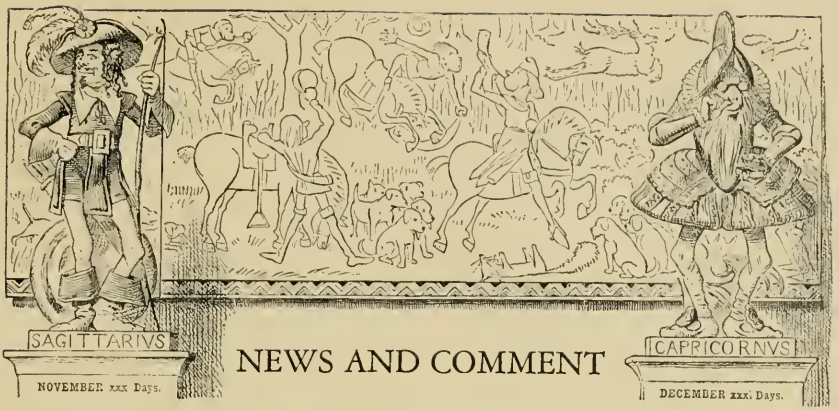
With this volume the anxious reader gets his first good look at the hero of this five-volume series—General U. S. Grant. He is introduced at Galena, Illinois, in April, 1861, on the day that Fort Sumter is fired on. From this point Professor Williams, with a fine literary style which is augmented by his firsthand knowledge of military affairs, vividly portrays Grant's rise from a captain, who had resigned from the Army on April 11, 1854, to a major general, who assumes command of the Union forces on the western front on July 17, 1862. The whole narrative is thoroughly supplemented with many interesting photographs and helpful maps.

As this fascinating story unfolds Grant is shown, in early November, 1861, commanding an expedition, for demonstration purposes, against Columbus, Kentucky, but it turns instead into an actual attack upon Belmont and a rapid withdrawal to Cairo after inflicting and receiving heavy losses. This is the "class room" where Grant is learning by experience the value of rapid decisions. After this initiation Grant decides to gamble with a full offensive movement. With Halleck's permission he moves his small force of twenty-three regiments against Fort Henry in early February, 1862. It falls to a prompt and determined attack, which is augmented by Foote's gunboats, and the victorious force promptly moves against Fort Donelson which likewise is captured, acquiescing to Grant's demand for "unconditional and immediate surrender."

Professor Williams, however, does not concentrate entirely on Grant. There are several fine chapters dealing with the entire situation in the West and the problem of command there, with Halleck finally receiving the nod from Washington. After these events the story converges again upon Grant at the bloody battle of Shiloh, and it is pointed out that "in a narrow, tactical sense" Grant's troops were not taken by surprise. As this volume ends Grant is at Memphis and realizes that the next test of strength will be at Vicksburg.

Unfortunately the value of this fine book is somewhat lessened by frequent errors in quotations and footnote references, but nevertheless it provides a deep insight into this particular phase of the Civil War.

University of Illinois WAYNE C. TEMPLE



NEWS AND COMMENT

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The fifty-third annual meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society was held in Kankakee on October 10-11. Officers of the Society chosen at this time, include Philip L. Keister of Freeport, who was elected president, succeeding Dr. Clarence P. McClelland of Jacksonville, and Dr. Harry E. Pratt of Springfield, who was re-elected secretary-treasurer. Four vice-presidents were re-elected: Mrs. Harry L. Meyer of Alton, C. C. Tisler of Ottawa, Glenn H. Seymour of Charleston, and James T. Hickey of Elkhart. Two newly elected vice-presidents were David V. Felts, Decatur, and Ernestine Jenison, Paris. Directors chosen for three-year terms were: Benjamin P. Thomas, Springfield; Dr. O. F. Ander, Rock Island; Harold G. Baker, East St. Louis; Philip Becker, Jr., Peoria; Stanley Pargellis, Chicago.

The two-day meeting opened with an address by Herman G. Nelson of Rockford whose topic was "The Local Historical Society." Donald F. Tingley, director of the *Illinois Junior Historian* presented a report on the Junior Historian program at this session.

After a luncheon in the Wedgwood Room of the Hotel Kankakee three brief talks were given by officials at the state hospitals of Kankakee and Manteno. Dr. Ernest S. Klein, superintendent of Kankakee State Hospital, described the advances in psychiatry. Dr. Alfred P. Bey, superintendent of Manteno State Hospital, spoke on the state hospital system in Illinois. Francis B. Scully, public relations director at Kankakee State Hospital, introduced both superintendents and gave statistics an the Kankakee institution.

A tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Small and a tour of the museum of the Kankakee County Historical Society were on the afternoon program.

At the annual dinner Dr. Stanley Pargellis, librarian of the Newberry

Library, Chicago, was the speaker. His topic was "Towards Illiteracy." He criticized the laziness of the modern mind in its effort to escape thinking.

On Saturday two tours were available: one through the Kankakee State Hospital, the other through the Gaines Research Kennels. After the luncheon Saturday, which concluded the sessions, Dr. Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., professor of history, University of Illinois, spoke on "Backwoods Utopias: Their Significance in Illinois and the Old Northwest." Before adjournment President Keister announced that the Society's annual spring tour will be held early in May at Harrisburg and that the fall meeting will be at Mattoon.

Ralph E. Francis, president of the Kankakee County Historical Society, was local chairman and selected the committee which took charge of the innumerable details involved in the meeting. Members of that committee were: Mrs. Thomas Baird, general chairman; Mrs. B. A. Weeks, Mrs. Anker Jensen, Mrs. Cyril Close, Mrs. Harold Cooley and Mrs. Bruce McBroom.

HISTORY OF SECOND WORLD WAR AVAILABLE

Illinois in the Second World War, a two-volume history written by Dr. Mary Watters and published by the Illinois State Historical Library is now available for distribution. The books are $2.50 each and may be purchased separately. Orders should be addressed to: Dr. Harry E. Pratt, Illinois State Historical Library, Centennial Building, Springfield.

The two books are attractively bound in buff-colored cloth with light red lettering. Volume I, "Operation Home Front," is 444 pages in length; Volume II, "The Production Front," has 591 pages—the sixty-page index for the two volumes is in the latter book. Both books are illustrated with cartoons from the Chicago newspapers of the war years.

As the title states this is the history of what happened in Illinois during the Second World War. Among the many topics in the first volume are: civilian defense, selective service, training stations in the state, services for servicemen, the soldier's vote, letters from Illinois soldiers overseas, scrap drives, Victory gardens, rationing and black markets, schools in wartime, and education for the veteran. The second volume takes up, along with other related subjects, the problems of the small businessman, "E" Awards, transportation by rail, highway, water and air, manpower problems, housing, labor disputes, farm production, and wartime politics.

LOVEJOY MARKER DEDICATED

Governor Adlai E. Stevenson spoke Sunday, November 9, 1952, in Alton at the dedication of a bronze tablet in memory of Elijah P. Lovejoy. The

Governor paid tribute to Lovejoy's service to the cause of right and the individual's duty to speak out for the truth.

The tablet contains the following inscription:

Here Died on Nov. 7, 1837
ELIJAH PARISH LOVEJOY
First Martyr to Freedom of the Press in America

Born in Albion Maine Nov. 9, 1802. Teacher Presbyterian Minister and Editor of the Weekly Observer St. Louis (1833-36) and Alton (1836-37). Without compromise he fought human slavery by the printed and spoken word and with his life defended his press against the mob which shot and killed him two days before his 35th birthday. "I can die at my post," he said, "but I cannot desert it."

Placed Nov. 9, 1952 by Sigma Delta Chi, National Professional Journalistic Fraternity to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Lovejoy's birth and to mark the site made historic in American Journalism with this fearless editor's blood.

BEAUTIFUL LINCOLN BOOK GIVEN TO LIBRARY

The most beautiful book in the Lincoln Library of Governor Henry Horner has been presented to the Illinois State Historical Library by Henry H. Straus, a relative of the late governor. It is a hand-illuminated volume with a hand-tooled leather binding and case which was exhibited by Kroch's Bookstores of Chicago at the Century of Progress Exposition in 1933-1934 as an example of the finest in British craftsmanship. The sixteen vellum leaves contain Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, his Second Inaugural Address, and Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain." The ten by twelve-inch book was designed, illuminated and written out by Alberto Sangorski and the binding was by Riviere and Sons of London. It was purchased by nineteen of Governor Horner's friends and admirers and presented to him at a dinner on January 2, 1935. The currently appraised value of the book is $7,000.

FINE LINCOLN LETTER ON EXHIBIT

One of Abraham Lincoln's finest letters and one of his few known autobiographical letters wherein he tells personal details about his boys and his own health has been given to the people of Illinois by Dr. Karl A. Meyer of Chicago and is on exhibit in the Horner-Lincoln room of the Illinois State Historical Library.

The three-page letter is dated July 4, 1860, when Lincoln was a candi-

date for the presidency and it is addressed to Dr. Anson G. Henry, one of Lincoln's intimate personal friends and the Lincoln family physician until he moved to Oregon in 1852. When he was President Lincoln appointed Dr. Henry surveyor general of Washington Territory and after the assassination the doctor attended Mrs. Lincoln until she was able to leave the White House. Dr. Henry was drowned when his ship went down off California on his return to the West Coast.

GREENE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Judge Clement Smith spoke on Colonel Edward D. Baker at the September 27 meeting of the Greene County Historical Society. Donald F. Tingley was the guest speaker. Mr. Tingley, who is director of the *Illinois Junior Historian,* discussed that publication with the group. Mrs. L. A. Dickson is president of the Society.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS SOCIETY MEETS

A full day's program, on October 25, comprised the fall meeting of the Southern Illinois Historical Society. The meetings which had as their theme "Southern Illinois in the Mexican War," were held in the Little Theatre at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale.

Speakers at the morning session included: Dr. Norman Caldwell, on the subject "The Role of Southern Illinois in the Mexican War"; John W. Allen on "The Diary of Ben Wiley"; and T. J. Layman on "The Role of General John A. Logan in the Mexican War."

At the luncheon in the University cafeteria, "Civil and Pre-Civil War Ballads" were discussed and sung by David McIntosh. Following the luncheon Dr. J. T. Dorris addressed the group on "Michael Kelly Lawler, Irish-American Soldier-Hero." Dr. Dorris' collection of the Lawler papers was given to the Southern Illinois Historical Society.

A CORRECTION ABOUT COLES MARKER

A correction should be made in a statement on historical markers in the Autumn, 1952 issue of this *Journal.* The marker at Edwardsville commemorates the site of the courthouse where, in 1824, political enemies convicted Governor Edward Coles of illegally freeing his slaves. He died and is buried in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. An article on Coles, "The Virginian Who Made Illinois a Free State," by Eudora Ramsay Richardson, is in the Spring, 1952 issue of this *Journal* .

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